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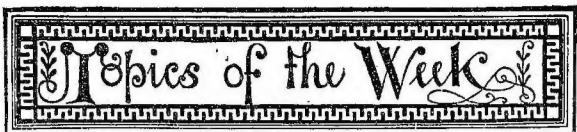
IN THE GARDENS OF THE LUDWIG PALACE



THE LUDWIG PALACE, WHERE THE QUEEN STAYED DURING HER VISIT TO DARMSTADT

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT DARMSTADT

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



THE VOTE OF CENSURE.—The Conservatives have been severely condemned for their determination to propose another Vote of Censure; and it is, no doubt, very unfortunate that they should have an opportunity of again interrupting the ordinary business of Parliament. But the Government has itself to blame for this new trouble. The Gordon correspondence has excited general astonishment and indignation, and it was not to be expected that the Tory leaders would miss so good a chance of damaging their opponents. That a large majority will vote in favour of the Government may be assumed; for there are no members of the Liberal party who would like to take the responsibility of helping to put Lord Salisbury in Mr. Gladstone's place. It is possible that the Conservatives would be better administrators than the present Ministers; but their accession to power would mean the postponement of a great many measures of domestic legislation, about the expediency of which all Liberals have the same opinions. Besides, there is some reason to hope that the Government is beginning to understand the real drift of public opinion with regard to Egypt and the safety of General Gordon, and that it will act henceforth with rather more vigour and consistency than it has hitherto displayed. But, however large their majority may be, Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues will be greatly mistaken if they suppose that many of their supporters, either in Parliament or in the country, approve of their conduct towards General Gordon. It may have been right to send Gordon to Khartoum; but it can hardly be right to ask a man to undertake a mission of almost unparalleled difficulty, and then to abandon him when his task proves to be beyond his power. Again and again Mr. Gladstone led the House of Commons to understand that Gordon was in no danger at Khartoum, and that he neither expected nor desired to be aided by British troops. This was said, of course, in good faith, for Mr. Gladstone has an extraordinary power of making himself believe what he wishes to believe. Gordon's despatches, however, have presented the matter in a very different light; and it will be hard indeed for the Prime Minister to show that these are documents which the English people ought to read with perfect equanimity.

THE ORIENTAL BANK FAILURE.—We may very properly feel sorry for the shareholders in this enterprise, since they have not only lost their principal and their chance of future dividends, but will also (to the extent of five-and-twenty pounds per share) be obliged to make good the money owing to the depositors and other creditors. But, while extending to them our sympathy (which, after all, is a rather barren form of consolation), it should not be forgotten that the shareholders are mainly responsible for the mismanagement and consequent downfall of the Bank. They were no worse than others. They behaved just as the overwhelming majority of shareholders in public companies behave. So long as they received big dividends, they held their tongues, and did not trouble to inquire whether the Bank was not running an undue risk in earning these high profits. It may be admitted that in the early days of the Oriental Bank the hazard was less serious than it afterwards became, because at that time the stimulation of various Anglo-Indian and Colonial enterprises by means of bank-credits was a comparatively unworked mine of profit. Later on, competitors appeared in the field, and there was a race among various banking establishments as to who could show the best record in the way of dividends. Then came that which is one of the most remarkable commercial phenomena of the present day, namely, the depreciation in value of almost all kinds of raw produce. The cheapness of sugar reduced the Mauritius planters to very sore straits; while the Ceylon coffee-planters were ruined, not merely by low prices, but by an insect-pest. Bad speculations in Chilian bonds and in silver helped to shake the once solid foundations of the Oriental Bank; but the real shock came from Ceylon and Mauritius, where the moneys of the Bank had been lent upon properties which are practically unsaleable. In order to avoid further loss on these hazardous assets, the expenditure of more money will be absolutely necessary, or the crops now growing will be ruined. Surely these are not the kind of "securities" in which Banks ought to invest the cash entrusted to them by depositors. When prudent men of business advance money (out of their own pockets) on property, they take care to leave such a margin for possible depreciation that, if they are compelled to foreclose, they can get out of the transaction without loss; but when they are dealing with *l'argent des autres*, as the late Duc de Morny styled it, their trustfulness and complaisance are wont to be more conspicuous than their caution. The moral we would draw is that shareholders in such concerns should take the trouble to find out how their money is being invested. But we do not suppose that they will ever take this trouble until it is too late, and therefore bank-smashes will go on to the end of the chapter.

THE LUNACY LAWS.—The Lord Chancellor's promise of a Bill for the reform of the Lunacy Laws has been

received with general satisfaction, except, as we may suppose, by the owners of certain private asylums. An uneasy feeling has been growing that neither sane people nor lunatics are sufficiently protected against mad-doctors; and this feeling will not be allayed till the existing laws are altered. In the first place, certificates of insanity should be countersigned by magistrates; in the next, the absurd rule must be abolished by which a cured patient can be discharged in a regular way only through the application of the person who caused him to be shut up; and thirdly, licences to hold private asylums ought only to be granted to medical men of some standing and repute. But there is even more to be done than this. In an exhaustive article on "Private Asylums," which appeared in the *Times* of the 28th December last, it was pointed out that legislation and public opinion lag considerably behind science in their views as to the insane. Science recognises seven or eight categories of lunatics; the law only one: and it follows that an asylum is always licensed to receive for indefinite terms any kind of lunatics. But as there are cases which are curable and others which are not, so there are houses which may be excellent as places of temporary residence during curative treatment, but very bad as places for life-long detention. The patient labouring under a temporary derangement need not always be relegated to an asylum with spacious grounds and recreation rooms; but, when a lunatic is incurable, humanity requires that his captivity should be rendered as pleasant as possible, and for such a one a small asylum, with a narrow airing yard, is no fit place. The Commissioners ought, in fact, to be armed with power to remove a patient from a small asylum to a large public one whenever they may think such a change conducive to his benefit.

SARAKHS.—Continental politicians were much surprised by the coolness with which Englishmen received the tidings that Merv had been annexed by Russia. They are likely to be even more astonished when they realise what is meant by the annexation of Sarakhs. The Duke of Argyll, who is by no means an alarmist with regard to the intentions of Russia, declared two months ago, in the House of Lords, that if she ever invaded India she would do so by Meshed and Sarakhs; and this opinion is shared by the majority of those who are in a position to form an authoritative judgment on the subject. Russia cannot, of course, be blamed for extending her territory in these regions. She has quite as good reasons for doing so as we had for extending our territory in India; and, if we could be sure of her friendship, it is not at all certain that we should not benefit by having her for a neighbour—Afghanistan being, of course, interposed between her boundaries and ours. Considering the temper of the Russian governing classes, however, England would be guilty of extraordinary folly if she did not make Russia understand that we are resolved to keep her out of Afghanistan. Any doubt on this point might lead to the most disastrous results; and if it proved fatal to our supremacy in India, all the world would tell us that our misfortunes were due to our own incompetency. That England should enter into new agreements with Russia hardly any one would now say; for we have had ample experience of the worth of Russian promises. The immediate business of the English Government is to strengthen its hold over the Afghans, to make sure of our position at Quetta, and to complete the railway from Sibi. If we had remained at Candahar, we could have afforded to watch the present proceedings of our rivals almost with indifference; but having, in deference to high morality and sentiment, scuttled out of that city, we must make the most of the means at our disposal. There is no reason to doubt that by the display of a little energy England may convince Russia that the possession of Sarakhs will not bring her at all nearer to her goal—if her goal be indeed, as so many observers assert, the conquest of our great Dependency.

THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.—It is of course an open secret that if the Fisheries Show of last year had not proved such a grand success, the world would never have heard—at least in its present ambitious form—of the Health Exhibition. And everybody is equally aware that the Fisheries Exhibition was rendered *pschitti*, not on account of the pictorial exhibits, admirable and interesting though they were; but because there was a large, tastefully laid out garden, with bands playing in it. Western London, which comprises within its limits a large number of people abounding in shillings and leisure, suddenly discovered that in its midst there was a charming garden, whereof it had hitherto only vaguely heard, and that in this garden one could sit, both by day and night, without the slightest impropriety, listening to excellent music, eating, drinking, flirting, and all the rest of it. For this reason alone, provided that Jupiter Pluvius holds his hand, and gives us a brighter and drier summer than is implied in Horace Walpole's "three hot days and a thunderstorm," we may venture to prophesy that the Hygienic Show will become as fashionable a resort as was its pictorial predecessor. But, in saying this, we do not forget that there will be countless other attractions. The word "Health," as Count Smorlork said of politics, "surprises by himself" almost everything that can be mentioned. Everything either in nature or art is wholesome or the reverse, and therefore may legitimately be displayed in a Health Show. Mr. Archibald Dobbs will be gratified to learn that even the prosaic Water Companies are going to give us something

pretty to look at, as a set off against their heavy exactions in the form of rates. And so we wish the Health Show health, and happiness, and a life prolonged till "chill October."

HUFFED ACADEMICIANS.—It seems that Sir F. Leighton did not describe a bust by Mr. Belt as being worthy of Phidias; but the fact remains that Sir Robert Peel's onslaught upon the Academy was received in the House of Commons with general laughter and cheering; and at this the Academicians feel very sore. They must console themselves by the reflection that any other professional body, if attacked in similar terms, would have fared as badly. The world forms its opinion of a profession from what the members of that profession say of one another; and it too often happens that successful workers are most abused by those of their own calling. The common talk of Bar messes is that sundry judges know nothing of law; go among doctors, and you hear that this or that eminent practitioner owes his reputation to luck and the patronage of ladies; ask a literary man what he thinks of popular writers, and he will quickly damp your own fancy for these geniuses under a spray of small wit. But of all critics, the most mordant are artists. You may extract from a literary man the confession that some of his brethren can write, but to hear an artist acknowledge that an Academician can paint is a great rarity. If it be owned that the R.A. is a good draughtsman, then he is said to be no colourist; if, by a fluke, he can both draw and colour, then he fails in composition. As it is a weakness with most men to pass for Art connoisseurs, the outsider thoughtfully treasures the smart things he has gathered in studios, and, having learned the weak points of each Academician separately, is ready to laugh at the whole body when its collective merits are vaunted. But the Academicians have the remedy for this in their own hands. Let them band into a Mutual Admiration Society, every one of the forty-seven making it his business to praise unreservedly the works of the other forty-six. Then the world will speak with wondering respect of a body which speaks well of itself.

DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.—After the vote on Mr. Broadhurst's Resolution on Tuesday, there can be no doubt as to the prevailing opinion in the House of Commons with regard to the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. So far as the House of Commons is concerned, the question may be regarded as practically settled; the upholders of the measure have now only to convince a majority in the House of Lords, and their task will be accomplished. The subject has been so often and so thoroughly discussed that it was impossible for those who took part in the debate on Tuesday to throw much new light on it; but a certain interest attached to what Mr. Broadhurst had to say about the sentiments of the working classes. When a man of the middle or higher classes marries a second time, his children are in little danger of being neglected by their stepmother; but, as Mr. Broadhurst pointed out, the children of a poor man are not so happily situated. "All day," said Mr. Broadhurst, "they are in the hands of the stepmother, and infancy is often a barrier to their communication with others." His conclusion was that the best thing that can be done by a working man who has had the misfortune to lose his wife is to marry her sister, who will feel a strong sense of obligation to his family. It is often urged that these marriages are contracted chiefly by the rich; but to this Mr. Clarke truly replied that the rich can afford to go abroad and get married in countries where the law on this question is more reasonable than it is in England, whereas, in the case of poor men, "the union takes place unhallowed by any ceremony whatever." These are not arguments of a sentimental nature, but they have a very obvious relation to facts, and it will be surprising if in the end facts do not prove to be too strong for the opponents of the Bill.

FRANCE AND AUSTRALIA.—It is perhaps just as well that Lord Rosebery's motion concerning the Deportation of French Recidivists should be postponed, as the interval thus obtained may be utilised in inducing the French to withdraw their intentions. Our chief fear is that both our Government and that of France may underrate the intense feeling which prevails on this subject throughout Australia. It may be said that our Ministers can scarcely go wrong for want of information, since there are plenty of competent advisers at hand, who are personally acquainted with the colonies. But quite as much as this might be affirmed of George the Third and Lord North a hundred and ten years ago—there was then no lack of trustworthy informants concerning American affairs—yet dulness, ignorance, and prejudice prevailed, with the disastrous results which we lament to this day. The two cases, of course, are not precisely parallel; for it is France, and not the Mother Country, which threatens to do a gross wrong to Australia. But unless the Mother Country interferes effectually to prevent this intended wrong, the Australians may say: "We had better be independent, and fight for our own hand." With regard to the cause of the quarrel, it seems marvellous that any statesman worthy of the name can approve of the plan of sending hordes of the worst criminals to small barren islands, where even the most industrious colonists would find it hard to gain a subsistence. M. Ferry must know that these convicts will try and make their way to Australia. Already the New Caledonian escapees

are a recognised Australian nuisance, and knowing so much as this, he might as justifiably land on the Australian coasts cargoes of tigers, wolves, and rattlesnakes. The simple fact is that the world is now too fully peopled and intercourse too easy for penal settlements of the old-fashioned type. France, therefore, must learn, like other countries, to keep her moral rubbish at home.

CORONERS' INQUESTS.—The foreigner who understands our language, but is not yet conversant with our ways, must be astonished when he reads the reports of coroners' inquests to find that these most solemn investigations are usually conducted in public-houses. The coroner holds an office of great antiquity; he wields large powers and draws a good salary; but he has no official habitation, and is generally obliged to hold his courts in billiard-rooms or tap-rooms. The answer to this is that we are a practical people, who deem it convenient that an inquest into the causes of sudden death should be opened as nearly as possible to the spot where that death occurred; and that, public-houses being the only places which, as a rule, can offer suitable accommodation, a coroner has very little choice. But Coroners are constantly complaining of the defective accommodation in public-houses, and these defects must be keenly felt by witnesses and others engaged in inquests, especially when a case attracts large crowds. We say nothing of the witness who objects to the liquor-traffic, and who groans in spirit at having to loiter for hours in sanded passages near a bar where strong drink is sold and consumed under his nose; but there are witnesses in deep grief for the death under inquest, and to these the association of such a melancholy event with the sordid scenery of a pot-house is acutely painful. Some of our parishes are so extensive that a single mortuary and court-house serving for the whole parish would be of no great convenience to the public, as it might compel witnesses to go long distances; but every parish ought to have at least one Coroner's Court House available for cases within its neighbourhood, and in other cases the coroners might be instructed not to hold their inquests in public-houses unless positively obliged to do so. In cities, for instance, every quarter has lecture-halls and concert-rooms which are not used during the day-time, and which would be more decent for coroners' inquests than tap-rooms, even though the hire of them might be more expensive.

HEXHAM AND ST. ANDREWS.—It was announced the other day in the *Times* that the Rev. Dr. Bewick, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Newcastle and Hexham, had arrived in Edinburgh as Papal delegate to investigate the affairs of the Archdiocese of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, and to inquire as to the state of the Church in Scotland. It may have interested some readers of ancient Scottish history to see the names "St. Andrews" and "Hexham" thus brought together; for, according to Mr. Skene, it was from the Abbey of Hexham that a Bishop of Northumbria, in the eighth century, took to the land of the Picts those relics of St. Andrew which gave to the charming little town in Fife the name it still bears. A splendid treasure St. Andrew's relics were supposed to be. They shed lustre on the city which was fortunate enough to possess them, and St. Andrew forthwith succeeded St. Peter, as the patron saint of Scotland. "A good deal has happened since then;" and the Bishop of Newcastle and Hexham may not, perhaps, be able to produce so strong an impression as was produced by his predecessor of more than a thousand years ago. He may congratulate himself, however, that his mission is at any rate not likely to get him into very serious trouble. At one time a Papal delegate would have been anything but a welcome visitor in Scotland; and he might have had to make his escape across the Border with more speed than dignity. Now he will not even be reminded of the iniquities of the Scarlet Woman. The Scottish people are as thorough Protestants as they ever were; but they have begun to realise that, after all, the Roman Catholic Church was the Church of their forefathers, and that it is possible to resist what is arrogant in its pretensions without denying its services to mankind.

AN INVITATION TO CALIFORNIA.—Mr. Denis Kearney—who, it may be presumed, hails from that green and tranquil isle which lies to the westward of Great Britain, and who a few years ago made himself conspicuous as a leader in the anti-capitalist movement in San Francisco—is now devoting himself to a more praiseworthy form of agitation. The immigration of Celestials being now prohibited, California can no longer say with Bill Nye, "We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour." On the contrary, there is a great dearth of servants, and Mr. Kearney has opened an intelligence office for replacing the yellow men with English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish girls. It is scarcely necessary to say that we wish all success to the movement. It is bad for the moral tone of a country that there should be dwelling in it a servile race who do not amalgamate with, and who are (often very unreasonably) disliked and despised by, the rest of the community. The brutality and cruelty of the 'Frisco "hoodlums" are in a great measure due to the impunity with which they have practised on meek-spirited Chinamen. We should not, therefore, feel sorry if not one Chinese remained in California; but, on the other hand, European immigrants must remember that, in order successfully to compete with the

Chinese, they should imitate the Chinese virtues of patience, temperance, politeness, and industry. The wonder is that more strong, healthy young women do not leave this country, considering that female labour is after all but poorly remunerated at home, whereas in America and the colonies the demand for domestic servants is practically unlimited. The work is harder than in England, but then there is the prospect of a speedier relief. Matrimony is sometimes proposed on the landing-wharf. Altogether, Mr. Kearney's invitation deserves a response, if only for the sake of the unrivalled Californian climate, alike free from the exhausting heat and the biting cold which prevail elsewhere in the Great Republic.

ANGLOPHOBIA.—What have we done to the French that they should be so exceedingly mad against us? If any of the Ministers read Parisian newspapers it must sadly mortify them to find that all their blandishments towards our neighbours are met only with those unpolite snarlings and snappings with which over-petted terriers are wont to terrify and coerce old ladies. The Cabinet has made light of British interests in Egypt and elsewhere on purpose to avoid giving offence to the Republic over the water, and the politicians of that hybrid régime, which may be described as Napoleonism without a Napoleon, are blustering at us through their newspapers in a style which has had no parallel since that spitfire outburst of the "Eight Colonels" which helped to start the Volunteer movement in this country three-and-twenty years ago. It would not be worth while noticing the ill-humour of the French were it not for its long continuance; and for the proof which it affords that our neighbours are conscious of railing at a Government "which won't fight." They themselves are quite aware that they cannot go to war with any Power in Europe so long as Germany does not promise to look on with arms folded; and, therefore, their bragging would be silenced fast enough if it were brought to the test of action against a Government representing the sentiments of average Englishmen. We can assure them that they have been enjoying during Mr. Gladstone's rule a good time which is not likely to recur under any other Ministry. Neither on the Egyptian question, nor on that of the Recidivists, nor on those of Tonquin and Madagascar would they have been humoured as they have been, if our Foreign Office had not broken with those traditions which have made our country what it is.



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NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT of FOUR PAGES, entitled "THE CORPORATION of LONDON—AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY," being the second of a series, drawn and written by H. W. Brewer.

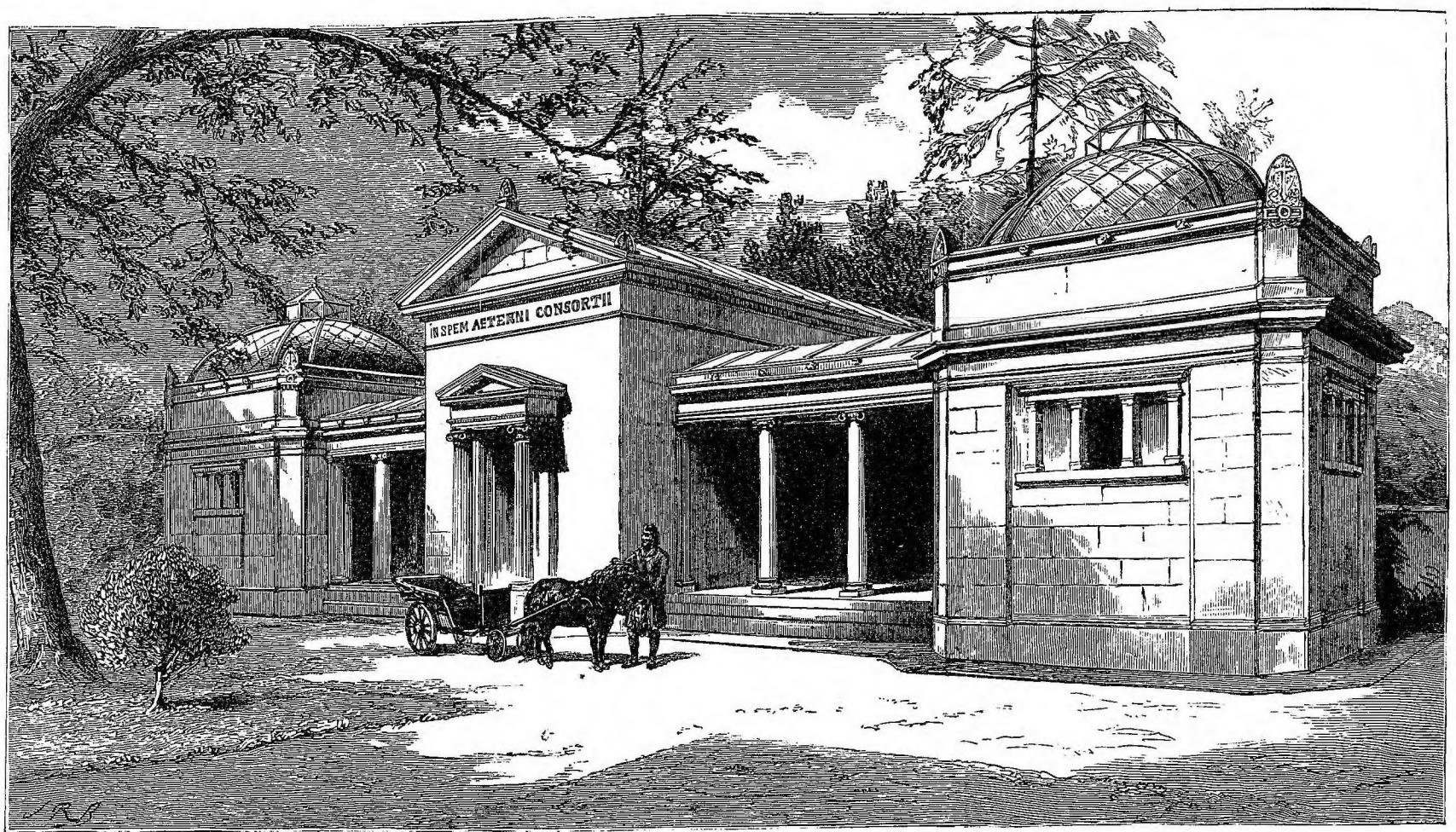


THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT DARMSTADT

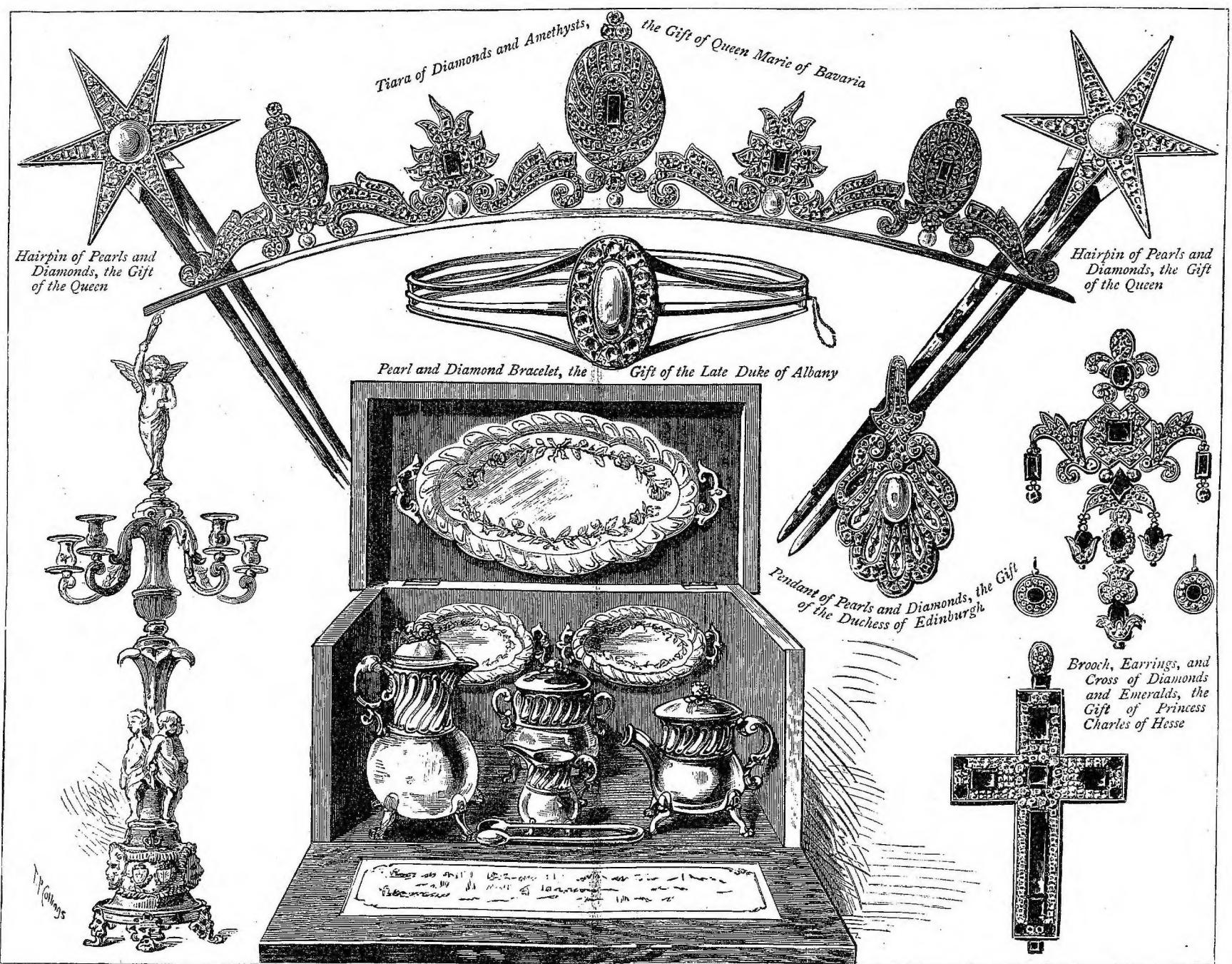
The marriage of the Princess Victoria of Hesse, the eldest daughter of the late Princess Alice and the Grand Duke of Hesse, took place at Darmstadt on Wednesday week, April 30th. For weeks previously the little town had been preparing for the wedding festivities, but these were greatly damped by the sad death of the late Duke of Albany, which caused the marriage to be postponed for a while, and, by throwing the English Court into mourning, prevented Her Majesty and her more immediate family from taking part in the attendant gaieties. The Queen arrived at Darmstadt on April 17th. The strictest privacy was maintained throughout Her Majesty's journey, though she did not travel incognito, but as "The Queen." On her arrival Her Majesty was received by the Grand Duke of Hesse, and was driven to the Ludwig Palace, which had been set apart for her residence during her stay. There, in the garden, one of our sketches represents a little pavilion seat where, when the weather permitted, Her Majesty would sit and read. The weather, however, as a rule, was singularly inclement during her visit, the wind being piercingly cold and snow falling heavily, but Her Majesty rarely failed to drive out, and constantly visited the Mausoleum at Rosenhöhe, where the Princess Alice lies buried.

At the beginning of last week all the chief guests had assembled, the Prince and Princess of Wales and their eldest son, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany. As we have said, owing to the Court mourning, many of the festivities were omitted and others curtailed, but there was nothing to testify to this in the streets, which were abundantly decorated with Venetian masts, pine trees, and innumerable garlands, flags, and streamers. The Louisen Platz appeared to have been converted into a huge floral tent—streamers being carried from the top of the Grand Duke Ludwig's monument to the Venetian masts below. On Monday week there was a festival concert, at which the bride and bridegroom were present, and next evening there was a gala performance at the theatre of Mr. Mackenzie's *Colomba*. On the arrival of the bridal pair in the Court box, the Burgomaster rose up and made a brief speech:—"The day whose eve we are celebrating," he said, "will be a day of high honour and joy to the whole of the reigning House, and to this Royal residence-town. Let us show our sympathy by the cry of 'Long live the august Bridal Pair.' After the opera there was a grand festival supper on the Louisen Platz, which was brilliantly illuminated by the electric light. The scene was still further enlivened by a torchlight procession of the various musical societies of Darmstadt, who serenaded the bride and bridegroom with national and patriotic songs in front of the Prince Alexander Palace.

Next day, though the ceremony was not to take place until late in the afternoon, the streets were early thronged with visitors, and presented a most animated appearance. Almost every house displayed the Hessian, German, or British flag, and as the hour approached the streets leading from the various palaces which were allotted to the Royal guests, to the Residenzschloss, where the ceremony was to take place, were thronged with spectators eager to get a glance of the Royal personages. At a quarter to five the Queen, accompanied by the Grand Ducal and bridal party, arrived, and the guests having all assembled in one of the drawing-rooms of the



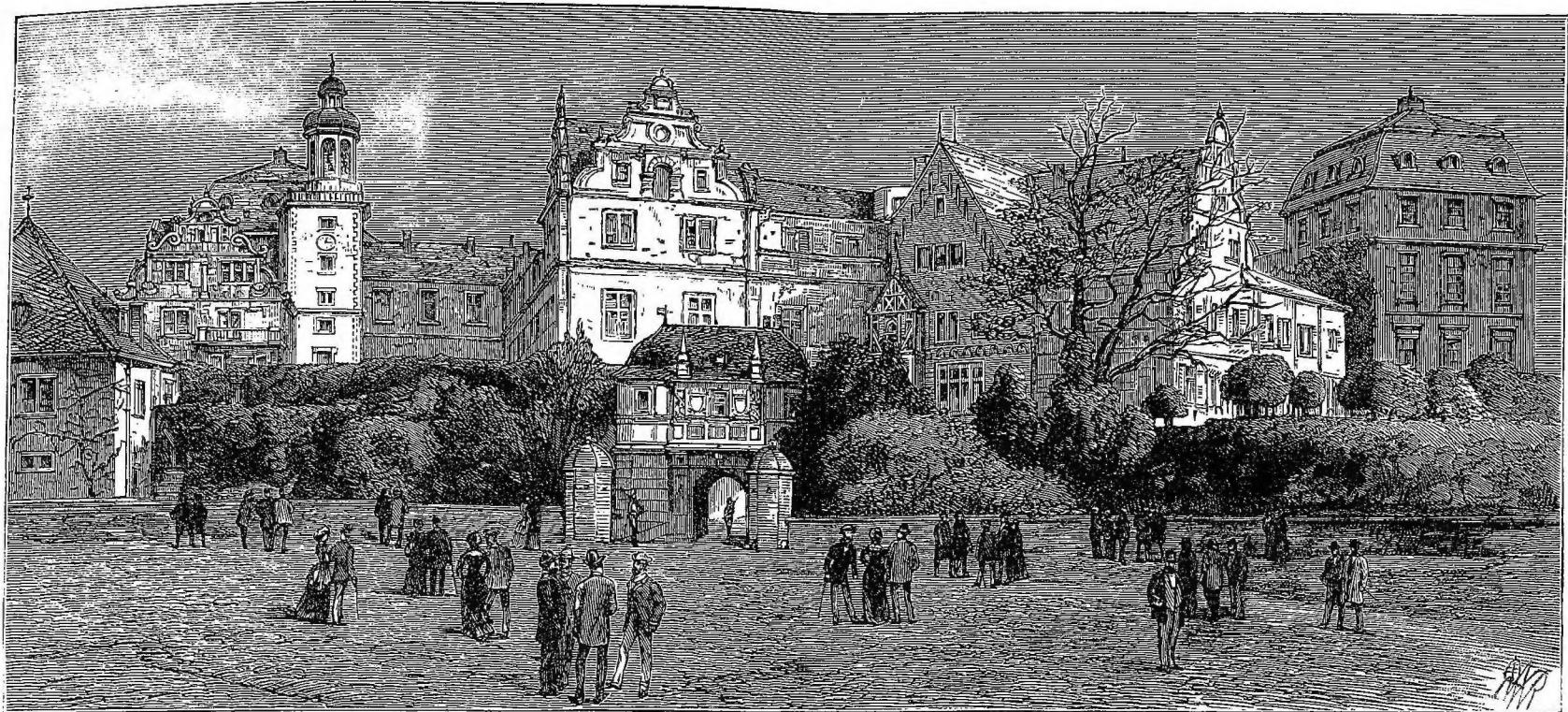
THE PRINCESS ALICE MAUSOLEUM AT ROSENHÖHE

Silver Candelabra, the Gift of
the Town of Darmstadt

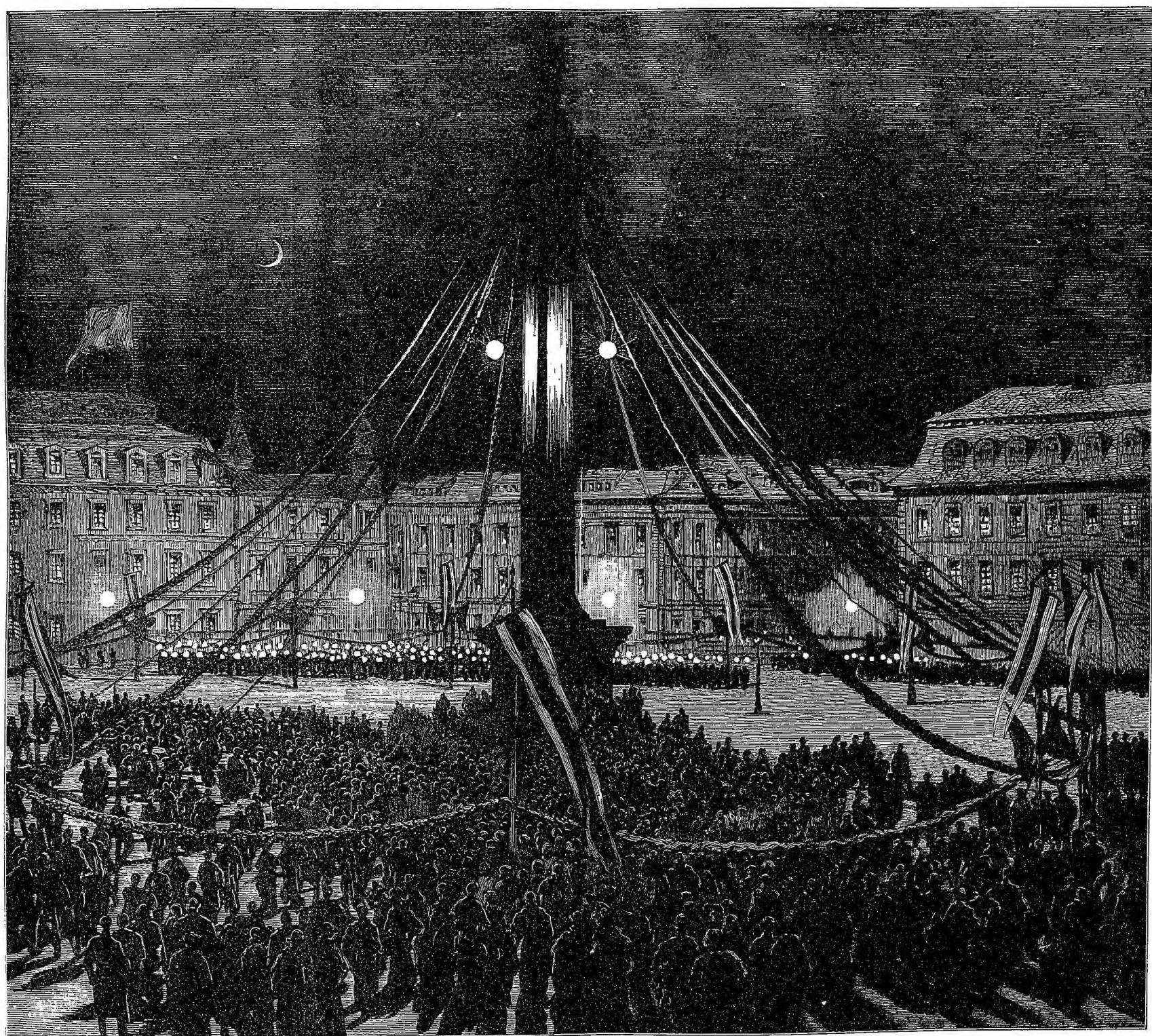
Silver Tea Service, the Gift of the Ladies of Darmstadt

SOME OF THE WEDDING PRESENTS

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT DARMSTADT
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



THE OLD CASTLE



ILLUMINATIONS IN THE LOUISENPLATZ THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT DARMSTADT

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

Castle, the Princess Victoria entered, led by the Princess Charles, the Grand Duke's mother. The marriage by civil contract, which is compulsory in Germany, was then performed before Freiherr von Starck, the Minister of State, and at the conclusion of this the Grand Duke gave the signal to proceed to the Chapel. The procession—chamberlains and officials apart—was led by the Queen, the way leading through a canopied passage in the Castle court, which was in full view of the outside spectators. Her Majesty wore a black silk dress, with a white coiffure of lace, diamond ornaments, and various Orders, including the Garter, the Victoria and Albert, the Star of India, and the Red Cross, and, the *Times* correspondent tells us, entered the chapel with a firm step, and sat down on the left of the altar, only rising during the prayer. Next came the Hereditary Grand Duke with his youngest sister, the Princess Alix, then the three Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales. The Crown Prince of Germany, with the Princess of Wales—also in white—followed, and then the Prince of Wales, with his sister, the Crown Princess. Her son, Prince William of Prussia, followed with the Princess Beatrice, Prince Albert Victor of Wales with the Landgravine of Hesse, Prince Henry of Prussia with the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, the Landgrave of Hesse with the Princess Victoria of Prussia, the Prince of Bulgaria (the bridegroom's brother) with the Princess Elizabeth of Hesse (the Prince's sister, and the betrothed of the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia), and finally came a train of princely and illustrious guests too numerous for mention.

All the guests being assembled the bridal train entered, preceded by the bearer of a large bouquet presented by the Grand Ducal Dragoon Guards. The bride was led in by her father, the Grand Duke, and Prince Alexander, her great uncle, and the father of the bridegroom, and was dressed in an Irish poplin robe with long flowing train, her mother's bridal veil, diamonds, and a wreath of myrtle. There were no bridesmaids, the bride's train being carried by Miss Victoria Becker, daughter of the Privy Councillor, and Miss Emmy Eigenbrodt, daughter of the Court Physician. Both the Grand Duke and Prince Alexander wore a German General's uniform, but the bridegroom, Prince Battenberg, was in British naval uniform, being supported by Princess Charles, the grandmother of the bride, and his own mother, the Princess of Battenberg. The chapel, which is a small whitewashed building, had been beautifully decorated with flowers, the windows being shaded, and large tapers lighting up the interior. The service was begun by the choir singing "Lobet den Herrn" (Praise the Lord) as the bride and bridegroom took their place on the left and right side of the altar. The ceremony was performed by the Court Chaplains Bender and Greim, the former of whom baptised the Princess, and was very short and simple. Chaplain Greim first read the Gospel, and then followed a hymn, after which Dr. Bender performed the remainder of the marriage ceremony. "It was especially affecting," writes the *Times* correspondent, "when after the rings had been exchanged, and when the thunder of the proclamatory cannon outside was succeeded by the choral hymn of praise, the prayer, and benediction, the Queen of England advanced, and with evident emotion embraced her wedded granddaughter and her husband, who stooped to kiss Her Majesty's hand. The Queen then embraced her son-in-law, the Grand Duke, as well as the parents of the bridegroom." After some further congratulations of the bride and bridegroom, the procession left the chapel in the reverse order of entry. Her Majesty, however, did not attend the gala dinner, which was held in the Kaiser Saal of the new Palace. No speeches were delivered at the dinner, and the only toast proposed was "To the health of the newly-married couple." This was followed by a flourish of trumpets. The wedding-cake was of English make, being four feet high, and decorated with the Hessian and British arms and colours. After dinner the bride and bridegroom went to the Ludwig Palace to take leave of the Queen, who had dined alone, and then drove to Jungenheim, where they have spent their brief honeymoon.

Princess Victoria received a large number of presents. The Queen gave her a pair of gold hair pins set with pearls and diamonds, and five silver table baskets, besides Indian shawls, lace, and embroidery; the Prince and Princess of Wales a dinner service in Royal blue and gold; the Dukes and Duchesses of Connaught and Albany and Princess Beatrice a dessert service in turquoise and gold, with floral designs; while the late Duke of Albany also gave a pearl and diamond bracelet, and Princess Beatrice a painted leather fire-screen. Princess Louise presented a toilet service and a portrait group; the Duchess of Edinburgh a pearl and diamond pendant; the Duke and Duchess of Connaught a silver salver; Princess Charles of Hesse—her grandmother—a set of diamond and emerald ornaments, consisting of brooch, cross, and earrings; the Queen Marie of Bavaria a coronet in amethysts and diamonds; the bride's sister, Princess Elizabeth, a fire-screen painted by herself, and, in conjunction with her brother and sisters, a service of plate. The city of Darmstadt have presented two six-branched silver candelabra, said to be masterpieces of German art, which cost 200/, as a testimony of the "sincere veneration of the inhabitants of Darmstadt for the daughter of their beloved Sovereign, and his ever-memorable consort, now resting in God." The ladies of Darmstadt also have presented a valuable silver tea-service in an oak casket.—Princess Elizabeth's marriage with the Grand Duke Sergius will take place at St. Petersburg, after the Russian Whitsuntide, on June 15th, and the bridal pair will live in the magnificent Beloselsky Palace, which the Grand Duke has just bought.

FESTIVITIES AT NORMANHURST COURT

DURING the penultimate week of April a series of festivities took place at Normanhurst Court, Sussex, the seat of Sir Thomas Brassey, M.P. for Hastings, and one of the Lords of the Admiralty, to celebrate the coming of age of his only son and heir, Mr. Thomas Allnutt Brassey, and of the *début* of his eldest daughter, Miss Mabel Brassey. The festivities successively consisted of a treat to the inmates of the workhouse, athletic sports and fireworks, a hunt steeplechase, a servants' dinner, a fancy dress ball, and a servants' ball. On the occasion of the fancy ball Normanhurst Court was brilliantly lit up with coloured lamps and Chinese lanterns. Lady Brassey appeared as an Hungarian Queen, Sir Thomas Brassey contented himself with a simple modern hunting dress, Mr. Brassey wore a fancy boating dress, such as is customarily donned at the Eton Montem festival, while Miss Brassey was most becomingly attired in a hunting costume such as Sophy Western might have worn. Altogether, some five hundred people were invited, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. The capacity of the mansion was enlarged on this occasion by the erection of a tasteful temporary pavilion for the rest and recreation of the non-dancers. The grandeur of the large central hall of the mansion enhanced the beauty of the scene, and gave scope to the full development of an exceedingly picturesque assemblage. Altogether the liberal hospitality (which is, however, no new thing) of Sir Thomas and Lady Brassey on this occasion will long be remembered, and friends and neighbours, gentle and simple (to use an old-fashioned phrase) unite in hearty wishes for long life and happiness both to Mr. and Miss Brassey, in whose honour the *fêtes* were organised, and to their much-respected parents.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA

FOR half a century this great musical conductor and reformer of operatic performances has held a prominent position in this country, where he found a wider sphere of action than he could have obtained in Italy. He was born at Geneva, February 4th, 1810,

and was of mixed parentage, his father being an Italian of Spanish extraction, and his mother a Swiss. He received his early musical training at the Naples Conservatorio, where he was well drilled in the elements of his art, and while still in his teens composed a cantata, three operas, a mass, three symphonies, and an oratorio. His reputation already stood so high that Zingarelli, who had written a cantata for the Birmingham Musical Festival in 1829, being unable to come over and conduct it, deputed Costa to take his place. But the Birmingham Committee thought scorn of this youth of nineteen, refused to let him conduct, but, to cover his travelling expenses, offered him an engagement as a singer. He accordingly appeared in the tenor part of *Uberto*, in Rossini's *Donna del Lago*. The task was unsuited for him, and at this point his vocal career ended, but his talents attracted attention, and in 1830 Laporte made him *maestro al piano* at the Haymarket Italian Opera. His boyish appearance caused the musicians to flout him; they sent him a card with seven miniature razors attached to it (this he treasured as a precious *souvenir*); but he soon showed his faculty, namely, the unrivalled power which he possessed of obtaining a supreme mastery over his orchestra. Four years later he became musical conductor, and introduced his great innovation of a conductor with his *bâton* in place of a leader with his bow.

In 1846, having disagreed with Lumley, the then manager, Costa seceded to Covent Garden, where he continued for several years, returning, however, to Her Majesty's in 1871. His operatic career comprised the brightest period of Italian opera—a period of great singers and dancers, when the opera was veritably Italian, and not the hybrid entertainment now given under that name.

Between 1846 and 1854 Costa held the conductorship of the Philharmonic Concerts, and that of the Sacred Harmonic Society from 1848 till the dissolution of the Society in 1882. In this capacity he conducted the Triennial Handel Festivals, and there displayed his unrivalled power of leading and inspiring large masses of executants. He was knighted in 1869.

Last year Sir Michael caught a chill, and underwent a paralytic seizure. He gradually became worse, and died at West Brighton on April 29th.

Mr. Haweis has furnished some interesting anecdotes concerning Costa. His outward manner was cold and somewhat repellent, he had, moreover, a quick temper, but he was thoroughly kind-hearted, and performed many unobtrusive acts of charity, demanding not merely the expenditure of money, but also personal trouble. Mr. Lazarus, one of his oldest players, says of him, "He was a lion in the orchestra, and a lamb out." Mr. Haweis concludes thus: "None who ever saw Sir Michael at Handel Festival will forget him. Truly a most solid and dramatic figure—a weighty, square-built man with powerful arms, and something of the real John Bull about the neck and shoulders. He leaves to Art an open secret, a bright achievement, and an unsullied name."—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. E. Mayall, 164, New Bond Street, W.

MR. M. T. BASS

SAID Thackeray many years ago, "Far as the meteor flag of England may have carried the glory of this country, the fame of her bitter beer has gone farther still." In many a remote corner of the world, the names of our most boasted statesmen, warriors, and writers were quite unknown, but every one had heard of that famous beverage, pellucid, appetising, thirst-quenching, and invigorating, which indeed, it may reasonably be supposed, closely resembles the nectar supplied to the gods and goddesses of antiquity.

Mr. Michael Thomas Bass, the chief maker and originator of this glorious liquor, died at his residence, Rangemore, Burton-upon-Trent, on the 29th ult., at the ripe age of eighty-four. He was born at Burton-upon-Trent, was educated at the Grammar School there, and then entered on the brewing business, which under his sagacity and enterprise became enormously extended.

He sat as M.P. for Derby in the Liberal interest from 1847 to 1883. He was not an orator, and, unlike a good many of his colleagues, he never spoke unless he had something to say. He made war against the organ-grinders, for which he received the hearty thanks of many artists and literary men.

The brewing firm, founded in 1777, and lately converted into a private company, does as much business now in three days as it did in a year half-a-century ago. The staff at Burton comprises 3,000 persons, they use more than half a million casks, and an inspection of the ale-stores belonging to the firm near St. Pancras Station leaves the visitor under the impression that the whole world drinks "Bass," and is always drinking it.

Mr. Bass was a genial, kindly man, much respected and beloved. He spent money most generously in works of charity and utility, both at Burton and Derby. In 1835 he married the daughter of Major Samuel Arden, of Longcroft Hall, Staffordshire. By her he has left two sons, both of whom are M.P.'s. The elder has been created a baronet. His father declined to be ennobled, saying that he preferred the "beerage" to the peerage.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Price and Galvin, Derby.

WINNIPEG AND HUDSON'S BAY RAILWAY

THE progress of railway-making within the Dominion of Canada has been very rapid of late years. The completion of the survey of the track of the Canadian Pacific Railway from the western side of the Rocky Mountains, through British Columbia, is now being proceeded with. There are at present 8,800 miles of railway under traffic in the Dominion, and, within the next two years, when all the uncompleted lines are finished, the completed lines of Canada will comprise over 11,400 miles.

Railway enterprise is, moreover, extending in a new and hitherto neglected direction. Not content with spanning the Continent from ocean to ocean, the Canadians are desirous of bringing their interior districts into closer communication with the sea. At present the only access to the ocean attainable by the thriving province of Manitoba is by the Great Lakes and down the River St. Lawrence. A glance at the map will show, however, that the salt water comes much nearer to Manitoba than this, namely, on the inhospitable shores of Hudson's Bay. A railway, therefore, has been projected, starting from Winnipeg, and proceeding along the lake of that name in a north-easterly direction to Port Nelson on Hudson's Bay. Twenty miles of this route, from Winnipeg to Selkirk, are already completed, and the Government have given a free grant of 9,000,000 acres of land to the Company which has undertaken the construction of the line. When this railway is completed, vessels bearing cargo from the rich cereal regions of the Red River will be able to sail from Port Nelson direct for European ports, *via* Hudson's Bay and Straits.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Adrian Neison, of Selkirk, Manitoba, who has been exploring the route above referred to.

VICTORIA HOSPITAL AT SUEZ

THE Victoria Hospital at Suez is situated about half a mile from Suez proper. It belongs to the Indian Government, and here the wounded sent up from Suakin are being treated. It was erected in 1867-8 for service in connection with the Indian reliefs, which then crossed the Isthmus by rail. Since the adoption of the Canal route for the Indian troop-ships the buildings have been disused as a hospital until the late cholera epidemic, when the hospital was occupied by the Royal Highlanders (Black Watch) and some companies of the Royal Rifle Corps, the disease having become so prevalent in Cairo as to make the removal of the troops an actual necessity.

The buildings are of wood, built upon iron foundation columns, raising the floor some three feet above the ground; the roofs are covered with slates. The hospital accommodation being insufficient for the numbers wounded, it was supplemented by a number of large marquee tents erected round the hospital square. It is satisfactory to learn that the sick in the tents progressed as favourably towards recovery as those in the buildings. The principal medical officer, Surgeon-Major Jeffcoat, was ably assisted by a large medical staff, also by three army nursing sisters, who were unremitting in their attention to the sick, and whose bright and pleasant appearance, as they moved about at their good work, gave a home-like look to the buildings. "The men," says Major G. D. Giles, to whom we are indebted for our sketch, "looked cheerful, and well-contented with their quarters."

"DOROTHY FORSTER"

A NEW STORY, by Walter Besant, illustrated by Charles Green, is continued on page 461.

"CHILDREN OF THE DESERT"

THERE is nothing very poetical in the aspect of a person of felonious proclivities standing outside a jeweller's window, and longingly eyeing the trays of rings and watches on the other side of the plate glass. On the other hand, Mr. Bouvierie Goddard's picture is highly poetical. Yet substantially there is not much difference between the two situations, except that King Leo and his accompanying helmeets (a suggestive word in this case, since there is meat to be helped, if it can be got at) are endowed by Heaven with carnivorous appetites; "it is their nature to." How gentlemanlike the lion looks, and how innocent! You think he is admiring the sunset, and saying, "My dear girls, I never saw anything finer even last autumn." But in reality his thoughts, and the thoughts of his ladies, are turned in quite a different direction. They see before them a most appetising supper, all alive, oh! But how to get at the supper? Cats are not fond of swimming, and a large sheet of water lies between them and the coveted prizes. So the antelopes remain unclothed, "cocking snook" (if they are capable of such impudence) at their mortal foes; while the latter chant dolefully: "A boat! a boat! unto the ferry!"



ONE OF THE VACANT GARTERS has been conferred on Lord Derby.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has resigned the chairmanship, to which he was recently elected, of the Council of the National Union of Constitutional and Conservative Associations. The immediate cause of his resignation, it is understood, was the desire of a majority of the Council to avert a threatened rupture with the Central Conservative Committee. The Conservative Committee is nominated by Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote, and Lord Randolph Churchill wished to subordinate its authority to that of the National Union, as directly representing the Conservative organisations of the kingdom. Negotiations for the co-operation of the Conservative Committee with the Union were begun, leading to an acrimonious correspondence between Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill, and ending in notices being given to the Union by the Conservative Committee to quit the premises which the two bodies had occupied conjointly. Lord Randolph Churchill will probably be succeeded in the chairmanship by Mr. Chaplin, M.P., who was started as a candidate against him on Lord Percy's resignation of the office.

REPLYING TO A REMONSTRANCE from the Northumberland County Franchise Association against his amendment to the Franchise Bill, which proposes that the extension of household suffrage to counties shall not come into operation until a Redistribution Bill has been passed, Mr. Albert Grey quotes in self-justification a letter written by Mr. Bright in 1859, in which the latter speaks of redistribution as far transcending in importance any enlargement of the electoral franchise.

THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS have by an overwhelming majority passed a resolution virtually condemnatory of the London Government Bill. The Ward of Farringdon Without and the Vestry of Islington have also, by large majorities, condemned the measure.

AT THE LAST MEETING OF THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD a motion for the appointment of a Special Committee on its finance, with a view to lessen the burden on the ratepayers, was met by the previous question, and rejected in favour of this amendment by twenty-three to thirteen votes.

THE MANCHESTER CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, at its quarterly meeting this week, declined by a considerable majority to modify its previous censure of the Congo Treaty.

THE COMPLAINT, recorded previously in this column, of some of the Highland crofters that they had received notice to quit their holdings as a punishment for giving evidence before the Royal Commission on their grievances, was asserted to be baseless by the Duke of Argyll and other large landed proprietors, personally or through their representatives, at an interview with the Lord Advocate at the Home Office. If notices, it was stated, had been served on any of those witnesses it was simply because they were in arrear with their rent, on payment of which they would not be disturbed.

AT A MEETING on Tuesday, presided over by the Lord Mayor, of the Mansion House Committee for the relief of the sufferers by the earthquake in Essex, it was announced that more than 4,000 had been already subscribed.

MRS. GLADSTONE opened on Monday a playground for children, which occupies a portion of the site of the old Horsemonger Lane Gaol, and has been let at a low rent by the Surrey magistrates to the Metropolitan Public Garden and Playground Association. Lord Aberdeen presided, and Sir Robert Peel was among the speakers.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER presided and spoke on Monday at a meeting in the Westminster Town Hall to promote a subscription for the extension of Westminster Hospital, which, established in 1719, is the oldest institution of the kind supported by voluntary contributions. The claims of the hospital were also urged in speeches by Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., Cardinal Manning, and Archdeacon Farrar.—On Tuesday Lord Shaftesbury, as President of the Institution, laid the foundation of a new building in the City Road for the Hospital for Diseases in the Chest.

By 244 to 41 votes the representatives of the subscribers of the Hospital Sunday Fund, at a meeting presided over by the Lord Mayor, have refused to admit to its benefits the Royal Hospital for Incurables, one of the arrangements of which preclude it from participating in them under the rule "that no institution to the benefits of which admission can only be gained by election from the general body of subscribers shall be eligible for grants from the fund." This rule excludes many other charitable institutions.

A DEPUTATION, which included Lord Shaftesbury and the Duke of Westminster, have, in the interest of the working classes of

London, urged on the Chairman of the Great Northern the extension of the season-ticket system to third-class passengers.

THE NEW ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM AND LIBRARY in Cambridge University was formally opened on Tuesday by the Vice-Chancellor, in the presence of a distinguished company, which included Prince Albert Victor. A sketch of the history and objects of the institution was given by Mr. Sidney Colvin, the Fine Art Professor of the University, to whom its origin is due. Among the other speakers were the American Minister, Lord Houghton, Sir F. Leighton, and Professor Jebb.

THAT ONCE-PROSPEROUS CORPORATION, the Oriental Bank, has suspended payment, after being for years in a decadent condition. The proximate cause of the catastrophe is understood to have been the withdrawal, both actual and threatened, of deposits at the branches. It is said that the capital of the bank and the reserve liability may suffice to provide a dividend of 17s. 6d. in the pound. The suspension of the Oriental has been followed by that of its offshoot, the Ceylon Company.

NEWS has been received of the arrival of the steamer *Titania* in the St. Lawrence, having on board twenty-four of the crew of the *State of Florida*, sunk by collision with a barque in mid-ocean. Of 167 persons on board only forty-four were saved; the other twenty are supposed to have been picked up by a passing vessel. The name and nationality of the barque are unknown. Of her crew only the captain and two men were saved.—News has also been received of the sinking, on the 3rd inst., of the Wilson Line steamer *Romano*, from Hull for Boston, through a collision with the Guion Line steamer *Nevada*, from New York for Liverpool, in lat. 42 deg., and long. 47 deg. The crew and passengers were transferred to the *Nevada*, and next day were placed on board a steamer bound for Havre.

THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK includes the death of the second Lord Raglan (son and successor of the first Lord, of Crimean celebrity), formerly a Lord-in-Waiting to Her Majesty, at the age of sixty-seven; of Dr. William Paul, an eminent minister of the Established Church of Scotland, a distinguished Hebraist, author of, among other works, "The Scriptural Account of Creation Vindicated by the Teaching of Science," in his eighty-first year; of the Rev. John Stock, a leading Baptist Minister, very suddenly, in his sixty-seventh year; of Mr. H. A. Bright, of the firm of Gibbs, Bright, and Co., of Liverpool and London, who was among the first Nonconformists to take the degree of M.A. at Cambridge on the abolition of the subscription test; and of Sir E. C. Bayley, formerly member of the Supreme Council of India, aged sixty-two.



THE House of Commons may now be said to be fairly at work, and probably no one will complain that they have been over-hasty in entering upon it. On Monday they really got into Committee on the Franchise Bill, and disposed of one or two amendments. Yesterday (Friday) the Bill was to be awarded a further hearing at the morning sitting. On the very threshold of the measure a trial of strength was essayed between friends and opponents of the Bill. The first clause, which simply contains the title of the Bill, having been agreed to with charming unanimity, Sir R. Cross proposed to preface the second clause by the words, "subject to the provisions of this Act hereinafter contained." He frankly explained that his object in desiring this addition was to clear the way at a future stage for the amendment standing in the name of Mr. Albert Grey which provides that the Franchise Bill shall not come into operation till the Redistribution Bill has also become law. It may be complained that at best or at worst these words were surplusage. As will be seen as the Bill proceeds, their rejection by an overwhelming majority will not have the slightest effect in preventing the moving of Mr. Grey's amendment, or of any of the others that appear upon the Bill. But the discussion served to occupy one half the sitting.

It may even be doubted whether, apart from this, it was not to the disadvantage of the Conservatives as a matter of tactics to raise the question at this stage. They look very justly for considerable advantage from the circumstance that when they go to a division on Mr. Grey's amendment, they will do so under the Whig banner, taking with them many members of the Ministerial party. They will get on this their best division, a measure of success discounted by the maladroit movement of Sir R. Cross, by which at the very opening of the contest, on a division, for which no strenuous efforts were made to whip up Ministerialists, the Conservative Party got a tremendous facer in the shape of a Government majority of 114. This is one of the things which Lord Randolph Churchill would avoid, and it is the kind of *gaucherie* which brings despair to his bosom, when he contemplates the present condition of the Party.

Immaterial progress, as far as words were concerned, was made at the sitting of Tuesday. But, admitting the appropriateness of Sir R. Cross's amendment, no complaint can be made on the ground of obstruction. It is true, every adjective and consonant in the first line as far as it has gone has been debated, a practice which, if continued throughout the length of the Bill, opens up a wide prospect. But no one can deny the right of an Opposition to take that course if they think it proper and judicious. What is pleasing to record is that no effort was made unduly to delay a division when approached. Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, with a comically piteous sigh, admitted to the Committee that whilst there might be some doubt as to the intentions of hon. and right hon. gentlemen near him, there need be none about his. "What I want," he said desperately, "is to get rid of the Bill altogether," at which the House gently laughed.

The debate on the question of Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister came up once more at the sitting of Tuesday night. It was hopeless to look for anything new to be said on this twenty times threshed-out question. Perhaps the only approaches to novelty in the night's debate was the fact that the motion was moved by Mr. Broadhurst, and that Sir Patrick O'Brien delivered what he called his first political recantation. The charge persistently made by the opponents of the proposed alteration of the Marriage Law is that the working classes are not in favour of it. The retort to this was the putting up of one of the two working men's members to move the resolution. Sir Patrick O'Brien's speech did not come on till one o'clock in the morning, at which hour no one else would have been permitted to speak. It was a little hard on Mr. Beresford Hope, whose name has always been associated with this question, that rising just after midnight, with intent once more to settle it, he should have been received with cries for the division. He was quite taken aback by this unexpected reception, and stood gasping for a few moments regarding the turbulent throng, and it was only by the interposition of the Speaker that he gained a hearing.

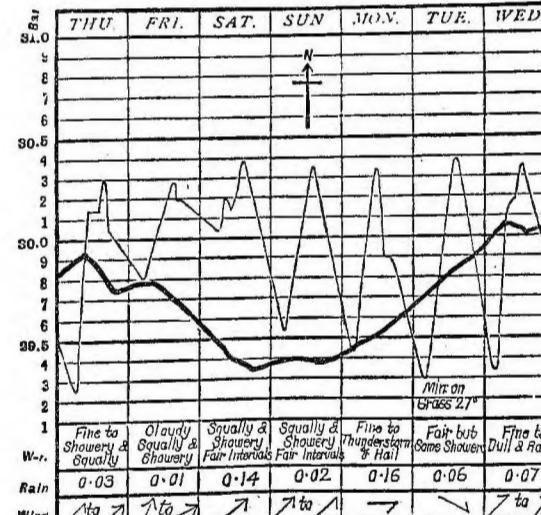
Sir Patrick had risen at ten o'clock, but had failed to catch the Speaker's eye, a circumstance not to be regretted, since at the hour he spoke the House was much fuller and more inclined for sport, whereas Mr. Beresford Hope, a grave and reverend authority on the question, was received with impatient cries. When Sir Patrick was discovered standing in his favourite oratorical attitude, with both hands in his pockets, he was welcomed with a round of hilarious cheering, and the erewhile impatient House settled down into a condition of flattering attention. Sir Patrick is the last of a

race of Irish orators the like of which live chiefly in the pages of Charles Lever. His flow of speech is unfailing, sometimes turbulent in its outbreak, and often inconsequential in its meaning. The newspapers which fill their Parliamentary reports with speeches that nobody reads should some time, whilst the opportunity is yet with them, give a verbatim report of Sir Patrick O'Brien's orations. Nothing less than that could do justice to the richness of their imagery, the odd side-lights with which they are illumined, and the delicious inimitable incoherency of some of the sentences. But even the verbatim report would lose the inestimable charm of Sir Patrick's presence, and the music of his sonorous voice mellifluously attuned to a brogue which long years of residence at Brighton has happily not eradicated.

As far as questions of foreign policy are concerned there has been a welcome surcease of interruption. This is due partly to the fact that Monday has been named for the commencement of a fresh debate on a new formal Vote of Censure. But the condition of affairs in this respect has also been largely influenced by the internal condition of the Conservative party, which during the week has reached a crisis. Lord Randolph Churchill has at length kicked over the traces, and bolted. His relations with his political pastors and masters, never very cordial, have now been formally ruptured, and, his eyes being opened, he has discovered that Mr. Gladstone and his Government are not nearly so black as his fancy has hitherto painted them. On Friday, on the question of the appointment of morning sittings, Lord Randolph not only went into the Lobby with the Government, but carried with him what portion of his party remains intact, weakened as it is to the extent of twenty-five per cent. by the withdrawal of Mr. Arthur Balfour. On Thursday night in last week Mr. Gorst made a most damaging speech against the motion of Mr. Chaplin to exclude Ireland from the benefits of the Franchise Bill; whilst in Committee on Monday Lord Randolph and Mr. Gorst, stopping short of the length of voting with the Government on Sir R. Cross's amendment, declined to support their former friends. This is an incident calculated to have increasingly disastrous effects upon the counsels and action of the Opposition. Not personally strong at any time, they will now find themselves openly attacked on the flank by an able and versatile adversary, who will like nothing better than to see their plans frustrated. Being now admitted to read the correspondence which has been privately passing between Lord Randolph and his Leaders during the last six weeks, the public gain a clearer conception of Sir Stafford Northcote's feelings when he was goaded into mysteriously labelling Lord Randolph as a "bonnet."

Wednesday afternoon was again devoted to the liquor question. Mr. M'Lagan brought in a Bill designed to extend the permissive principle to Scotland. This was met by a friendly amendment, recognising the urgent call for legislation on the subject, but objecting to the details of the Bill. The Lord Advocate promised a measure on the part of the Government, in the mean while supporting the amendment. The Bill was thrown out, but the carrying of the amendment was dexterously met on behalf of the licensed victuallers by the motion for the adjournment of the debate, which, carrying the House over to a quarter to six, prevented a decision being taken on the amendment.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM MAY 1 TO MAY 7 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather over the British Islands during the past week was rough and unsettled. These conditions were due to two depressions which appeared over our extreme northern districts, and some shallow subsidiary disturbances which crossed England in an easterly direction. The barometer was somewhat briskly during the first part of the week, but as the areas of low pressure moved away to the neighbourhood of Scandinavia, a decided increase in the height of the mercurial column occurred. The wind at first blew strongly from the southward and south-westward, but subsequently moderated, and veered to the westward and north-westward. Showery weather prevailed very generally, while thunderstorms, accompanied by heavy hail, were experienced in many parts of England on Monday (5th inst.). In London the storm was decidedly severe, and lasted for more than an hour. At the close of the week a new depression appeared off the west of Ireland, causing a brisk fall of the barometer in that neighbourhood, and a decided freshening of the wind from the south-westward at all our south-western stations, with rain over Ireland and the south-west of England: and these conditions spread inland. Temperature, although much higher than of late, was still below the average for the time of year. The barometer was highest (30.07 inches) on Wednesday (7th inst.); lowest (29.35 inches) on Saturday (3rd inst.); range, 0.72 inch. Temperature was highest (58°) on Saturday (3rd inst.) and Tuesday (6th inst.); lowest (53°) on Thursday (1st inst.); range, 23°. Rain fell on every day of the week. Total amount, 0.49 inch. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.16 inch, on Monday (5th inst.).

AN INAUGURAL BANQUET was given on Wednesday evening by the School of Cookery at the International Health Exhibition. Among the gentlemen present were the Duke of Buckingham, the Marquis of Hamilton, Sir Charles Freake, and Sir Daniel Cooper, who occupied the Chair. In speaking of the Exhibition the Chairman and the noble Marquis dwelt with much eloquence upon the claim that the School of Cookery has to the regard of the public. We are still, as was pointed out, far behind other nations, especially the French and the Italians, in the culinary art. Nevertheless, the School of Cookery has done much to repair this defect in our national education, and it proposes to do still more in this direction by giving daily lectures during the months that the Exhibition remains open, on the various ways of skilfully and economically dressing all kinds of food. The Directors of the School are prepared to supply a meal of three courses at 1s. a head, and of one course at 6d. a head. If the viands are all as good as the specimens shown on the buffets in the dining-room on Wednesday evening, public opinion will be sure to pronounce that one of the most successful features of the Health Exhibition is the very cheap and very excellent dinner there to be obtained.



THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS has elected as members Messrs. Frank Dadd, C. Napier Hemy, and H. R. Steer.

FOURTEEN AND A-HALF MILLIONS OF MONEY literally vanished into smoke in Germany last year—this being the value of the cigars and tobacco consumed by Teutonic smokers.

MALE FLIRTS are summarily treated in Georgia, United States, where a too-impressionable youth at Atlanta was recently arrested and imprisoned for proposing to three young ladies within two hours.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE at Stratford-on-Avon was visited last year by 12,200 persons. New Place Gardens, the site of the house where the poet spent his last years and died, is in future to be thrown open free to the public during the summer months.

A MEMORIAL OF THE ILL-FATED PARIS TUILERIES is to be erected in the gardens of the old Palace. Two arcades which formed part of the Pavillon de l'Horloge, and were designed by Philibert Delorme and Jean Bulland, will be re-constructed close to the Orangery.

A CORPS OF SKATERS is attached to the Norwegian Army, the members being men selected for good physique and accurate marksmanship. These skaters can be manoeuvred upon ice or over the mountain snowfields with as great rapidity as the best trained cavalry, and as an instance of their speed one of the corps recently accomplished 120 miles in eighteen and a-half hours over mountainous country.

A GRAND HISTORICAL CELEBRATION is being prepared by Winchester, to commemorate the 700th anniversary in June of the Charter of Mayoralty being granted by Henry II. Winchester possesses the oldest Municipal Charter in England. An elaborate historical pageant will be organised, as well as an exhibition of the famous school of illumination known as the "Opus Anglicanum," and a display of some of the Bayeux tapestry.

THE NEXT EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY at Burlington House will be considerably larger than its predecessors, owing to the additions being made to the buildings. Three fresh galleries will be added, one for water-colours, which will no longer be housed in a passage-room, another for architecture, and a third for works in black and white, which can then be more carefully classified owing to the additional wall-space. Accordingly two more rooms will be left free for oils, thus affording better opportunities for artists hitherto excluded.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,697 deaths were registered against 1,660 during the previous week, a rise of 37, being 82 above the average, and at the rate of 22° per 1,000, and exceeding the rate in any previous week of last year. There were 10 deaths from small-pox (a fall of 2), 85 from measles (a decline of 10), 38 from scarlet fever (an increase of 8), 11 from diphtheria (a fall of 6), 112 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 5), and 13 from diarrhoea and dysentery. There were 2,541 births registered, against 2,807 during the previous week, being 274 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 47°1 deg., and 1°6 deg. below the average.

MILITARY AMATEUR JOURNALISM is not depressed by the effect of a South African climate, judging from an amusing little sheet, the *Regimental News*, published at Pietermaritzburg by the 1st Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, under the charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Robley, whose sketches have often appeared in this journal. Whilst supplying local information, the *News* has an eye to the humorous, especially in such announcements as the following:—"The Armourer Sergeant of the A. and S. Highlanders has opened a studio in Fort Napier, next the Garrison School, where he takes photos and groups for almost less than nothing. Prize medal obtained for style and finish at the future Vienna Exhibition."

THE AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION in search of the Greeley party is now fairly on its way, and the advance vessel, the *Bear*, started on Sunday from St. John's, Newfoundland, for Smith's Sound. The *Thetis* and the *Alert* follow later. The latter vessel had a terribly tempestuous voyage from England to New York, and greatly pleased her new owners by her strength and behaviour in bad weather. Immediately on her arrival workmen were set to knock out what, according to the *New York Herald*, the Americans consider "old-fashioned devices and contrivances in the craft," and fit her in accordance with Transatlantic ideas of seamanship. It will be remembered that nothing definite has been heard of the Greeley Colony since they were left in Lady Franklin Bay, in August, 1881, and that each of the relief expeditions in the two intervening years has failed.

A SOCIETY OF ART CRITICS has been formed in Japan to direct and improve the public taste in pictorial matters, and prevent the picture frauds which dishonest natives sometimes practise on European innocents. The most trustworthy Japanese art authorities belong to the Society, and they propose to catalogue all known works of ancient artists, to grant certificates of authenticity to the owners of valuable pictures and archaeological treasures, and to organise exhibitions for the study of the various schools of painting. Of late years the Japanese have opened their eyes considerably to the preserving their antique treasures, and they are now repairing some of the old feudal buildings which had been suffered to fall into decay. The two huge castles of Osaka and Owari are being carefully restored; and, indeed, as the *Japan Mail* points out, no truer idea of the state of the people under the former feudal system can be given than by these massive fortresses, with their colossal battlements and tier upon tier of huge framework.

THE REMARKABLE RECENT ADVANCE OF ITALY IN INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISE is most forcibly shown by the present Turin Exhibition. Commercially as well as politically, Italy now strives hard to replace foreign imports by home products, and having obtained models in many branches of trade from other countries, reproduces them successfully and cheaply. This is particularly the case with French manufactures, and a correspondent of the Paris *Temps* pathetically laments that the furniture, glass, and machinery displayed have been skilfully adapted from French copies, until now the Italian manufacturers can supply their own country, and do without their Gallic neighbours. Apart from the industrial interest the Exhibition has two specially attractive features—the mediæval village and the Patriotic Museum, containing a collection of documents and relics relating to the rise of Italian independence—proclamations, caricatures, journals, valuable papers, medals, weapons, flags, &c. Like our Old London houses in the South Kensington Health Exhibition, the mediæval village is most accurately and artistically constructed. Italian artists have given their services, and the fortifications, palace, citizens' houses, church, &c., are peopled apparently with their ancient inhabitants, all busily occupied. The potters are at work on the clay, the sculptor is carving church ornaments, the women are at their spinning wheel, the 15th century loungers crowd the hostelry, and the drawbridge rises and falls to admit the travellers.



THE ROYAL WEDDING AT DARMSTADT—THE CEREMONY IN THE CHAPEL OF
THE OLD CASTLE

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



ENGLAND, Egypt, and the proposed Conference now form the chief subject of discussion throughout Europe. The memorandum addressed by Lord Granville to the various Powers details clearly and succinctly the financial troubles of Egypt. It suggests that a loan of 8,000,000/- is necessary to restore the equilibrium, and that the interest should be provided by the surpluses of certain revenues which, by the arrangements concluded in 1879, were assigned to the payment of the interest on the Preference and Unified Debt. These surpluses have hitherto been applied to a sinking fund for the redemption of the debt, but it is now proposed that they should be utilised for the interest on the new loan. The Powers, therefore, are asked to meet to discuss the necessary alterations in the Law of Liquidation which such a change will entail. All the Powers, save Turkey, have accepted the proposal in principle, but France insists that the scope of the Conference should be enlarged, and that the political future as well as the financial settlement of the country should be discussed. A note to this effect has been addressed to the British Government, and negotiations are being carried on between the two Governments, which, as usual, will probably end in a compromise. The French Press, despite its Anglophobia, is becoming more accustomed to the notion that England is henceforward to rule in Egypt, and an article in Tuesday's *Temps*, evidently from authoritative sources, expresses the opinion that in the same manner as France began her rule in Tunis by settling the debt, so will Mr. Gladstone, after making Egypt solvent, enter more resolutely on the path of Egyptian reorganisation. "He will have no longer the same repugnance to a virtual Protectorate, and the army, magistracy, and Civil Service will virtually be placed in British hands." While also the principle is insisted upon that France should have some *quid pro quo* for the sacrifice imposed upon the bondholders, it is admitted that England now cannot retrace her steps. The writers in the German and Austrian Press are not on the whole unsavourable in their comments, though a vein of quiet and amused satisfaction at the failure of Mr. Gladstone runs through them all. Italy, with that charming *fara da se* policy which so distinguishes her in all her dealings, is careful to point out that she as well as France has interests in Egypt and in the Mediterranean, and consequently complains that it would not be fair that England and France should come to an agreement to the exclusion of other Powers. At the same time she has no objection to Egypt becoming a vassal of England, provided that the rights of other nations are secured.

From EGYPT itself there is little news. At Suakin further reinforcements have arrived, and all is at present quiet. At Cairo an expedition is being organised, under Colonel Stuart Wortley and Majors Rundle and Kitchener, which will reconnoitre the banks of the Nile as far as Assouan. The officers will be assisted by the Bedouin tribes on the river, and an escort of 500 Gawayi Bedouins will accompany them. This force will eventually form a cordon between Assouan and Dongola, with their head-quarters in the oasis of Khurga, whence patrols will be frequently despatched in order to prevent the passage of emissaries of the Mahdi. From Khartoum there is nothing, while all communications with Berber have ceased. Some 2,000 refugees, however, have reached Assouan from Korosko.

The Municipal Elections have taken place in FRANCE this week, and are looked upon as more important than usual. Though not political in their functions, the Councillors nominate a senatorial elector for their Department, and consequently are elected according to their political opinions, and thus furnish an index to the Senatorial elections next year. The great feature of the elections this year has been the coalition of Reactionists and Irreconcileables against the Moderate Republicans, who have thus lost some ground. In Paris the Irreconcileables, or "Autonomists," who wish Paris to be ruled by an elected Mayor, and the office of Prefect to be abolished, have gained several new seats, but, notwithstanding this, there is little likelihood of either the Cabinet or the Assembly sanctioning the establishment of such an *imperium in imperio*, which would reproduce some of the worst features of the Commune, and create the greatest alarm throughout the provinces. There is practically no other home news of importance. The Marquis Tseng has been to Paris to give up his passports; and Li Fong Pao, the Chinese Minister at Berlin, and an intimate friend of Li Hung Chang, has taken up his functions, and is expected soon to enter upon definitive negotiations for the settlement of the Tonkin Expedition. With regard to this question, another heavy credit, amounting to 1,600,000/-, will be asked of the Chamber after the recess. It is considered probable that the Chinese Government will, after a little protest, accept the present situation in Tonkin, and acknowledge a French Protectorate in that region. The little difficulty which had arisen between France and Morocco is now officially declared to be settled, and the alarmist rumours which were circulating through Paris at the beginning of the week are denied.

RUSSIA has not taken long to make her next step forward in Central Asia towards India. Having secured Merv, her Government have now concluded a treaty with Persia, by which the important position of Sarakhs becomes Russian—through the rectification of the frontier between the Attok and Khorassan. Sarakhs will thus be evacuated by its Persian garrison, and be made the capital of the new Tejend district, adjoining that of Merv. The enormous importance of Sarakhs to the Russians may be gathered from a map and article illustrating and describing the Russian advance upon India which we published a few weeks since (No. 745, March 8th, 1884). The easiest road from the Caspian to Merv lies through Sarakhs, whence also the direct road to Herat along the Murghab Valley, a distance of about 240 miles. Moreover, through Sarakhs runs the Tejend River to Herat, by the side of which the troops can march to Herat, a distance of 202 miles, through the pass known as the Hari Rud. It is probably with the view of taking possession of Sarakhs that Prince Dondoukoff Korsakoff has gone to Merv.

In ITALY the Pope has issued a second Note with regard to the action of the Italian Government relative to the property of the Propaganda. He once more urges that the rights of the Papacy have been violated, and that this view is confirmed by the unanimity of the protests sent from all parts of the Christian world. He repudiates any idea, also, of agreeing to any compromise likely to trench upon the dignity and interests of the Propaganda. The Pope's energetic denunciation of the Freemasons has drawn forth an equally spirited reply from the Grand Orient of Italy, which declares that "the Church of Rome is at liberty to lament the deprivation of the Temporal Power; to kick against Providence, which has inexorably decreed its end; to rave regarding its ideal of abasement and annihilation of human dignity; and to sanctify in Joseph Labré the example of cynicism and moral degradation. These things were to be expected on the part of an institution which sees the present crumbling beneath its feet, and which—certainly very justly—distrusts its own future."

AUSTRIA has been thrown into mourning by the death of the Empress Maria Anna—the Emperor's aunt and widow of the Emperor Ferdinand, who abdicated in his nephew's favour in 1848. She died at Prague, where the body lay in State on Wednesday.

On Thursday it was to be brought to Vienna, where it would lie in State on Friday, the funeral ceremony taking place on Saturday, when the remains would be deposited in the Imperial family vault, in the Church of the Capucins. The late Empress will be the 111th member of the Imperial family who lies in these vaults—the first being the Empress Anna, wife of the Emperor Matthias, who died in 1663. There is to be a grand National Exhibition at Buda Pesth next May, which is to include an international display of seeds, cattle food, and manuring substances.

SPAIN continues in a chronic unsettled condition. The real cause of the railway accident on the Almedia last week has not yet been actually ascertained, but it is now thought that some miscreant had displaced the rails. Other railway outrages are reported—dynamite cartridges having been placed on a bridge near Barcelona, and rails having been torn up in several districts in North-Eastern Spain, where the revolutionary movement is stated to be increasing. The Government constantly issue notices that the whole of Spain is now tranquil, but there is little doubt that a species of desultory conspiracy is always being carried on, though its extent and danger are mostly exaggerated for electoral and for financial reasons—the process of bearing Spanish stock being a favourite operation in some circles. The King has now recovered.

In INDIA the Ilbert Bill has come into operation without any particular remark, the chief topic being the failure of the Oriental Bank. This, however, had already been expected, and consequently created no excitement. A small crowd, chiefly composed of native traders, gathered round the doors of the bank in the morning, but soon dispersed. The event is not expected to have any effect upon trade, nor in any way to cause a run upon other banking houses. Copious rain has fallen in Bengal and Orissa, but only a few showers in Behar. The public health also is greatly improving, though the mortality from cholera and small-pox continues high. The punitive expedition against the Zohls Kakars will consist of 2,400 troops, and will start in September.

In the UNITED STATES there have been serious forest fires owing to the drought, in the Alleghany Mountains, in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. Immense destruction has been caused, and several lives lost.—Financial circles have been still further agitated this week by the suspension of the New York Marine National Bank.—In CANADA some excitement was caused last week by the discovery at Toronto of dynamite cartridges under the Parliament building.—In SOUTH AFRICA the Cape Parliament has been opened. Sir Hercules Robinson announced a deficit in the Budget, which he proposes to remedy by an increase of taxation, a revision of the Customs tariff, and an increase in the excise duties on spirits. He also suggested that the Imperial Government should be asked on what terms it would assume the control over the Transkei territory. In Bechuanaland Mr. MacKenzie has assumed the duties of British Resident. A Treaty has been signed with the chief Mankoroane.



THE Queen has returned home from Germany, bringing with her the Grand Duke of Hesse and his second daughter, Princess Ella, on a brief visit. Most of the royal guests left Darmstadt immediately after the wedding last week, the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany being among the first departures, while Prince Albert Victor started for Cambridge on Saturday. During the last few days of the Queen's stay at Darmstadt, Her Majesty several times visited the newly-married couple at Heiligenberg, the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Grand Ducal family joining the party, while Prince and Princess Louis also came over to Darmstadt to lunch with the Queen. On Sunday Her Majesty did not go to church, but the Princess Beatrice attended the German service in the Castle Chapel, while in the evening the Queen received the ladies of the Grand Ducal household. The Queen was to have left for England next day, but delayed her departure owing to the rough weather. In the morning Her Majesty gave audience to Count Lehndorff, who brought an autograph letter from the Emperor William, expressing his regret at being unable to meet the Queen. Subsequently Her Majesty received Dr. Sell and Dr. Becker, secretary to the Grand Duke, and his family, driving afterwards to the Grand Duke's hunting seat, Wolfsgarten, where the rest of the Royal party met the Queen. Tuesday was occupied in receiving farewell visits, and late in the evening Her Majesty, with Princesses Beatrice and Ella, and the Grand Duke left by special train for Flushing, where they arrived early next morning and went on board the *Osborne*. The Royal party crossed at once, and reached Port Victoria in the evening, travelling thence straight to Windsor. The Queen leaves for Balmoral on the 22nd inst., and wishes her birthday to be kept quite quietly this year in consequence of the Royal mourning, so there will be no official banquets. Before leaving Darmstadt Her Majesty was photographed in a group with her eldest daughter, the Crown Princess, her granddaughters the Hereditary Princess of Meiningen, and her great-granddaughter, the little Princess Feodore, this group of four generations forming a pendant, on the female side, to Emperor William's picture of "The Four Emperors." Her Majesty also left a sum of money for the poor.—The Court is now in mourning until the 13th inst. for the Dowager Empress of Austria.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters remain on the Continent for the present. Whilst at Darmstadt they spent a day with the Landgrave of Hesse at Hanau, inspected the Alice Memorial Hospital, visited the town fair, and made various short excursions. On Tuesday night the Princess left with her daughters for Gmunden, on the Traun Lake, Austria, to stay with her sister, the Duchess of Cumberland; while the Prince started for Potsdam to spend a few days with the Crown Prince and Princess, bearing an autograph letter from the Queen to the Emperor. In July the Prince will resume his public duties, after the three months' mourning; on July 5th he will preside at the triennial festival of the Railway Guards' Society; on the 9th he will lay the foundation-stone of the new schools of St. Anne's Asylum, Redhill; and on the 15th will visit Shrewsbury for the Royal Agricultural Society's Show. He will then stay with Lord Bradford, and will open the Free Library and Museum, housed in the ancient Shrewsbury Grammar School. The Prince has also again become Patron of the next Baden-Baden races, which he promises to attend.—Prince Albert Victor has been appointed Lieutenant in the Cambridge University Rifle Volunteers, where he has been serving as a private. The Prince of Wales belonged to this corps when studying at the University.

The Duke of Edinburgh left Gibraltar with the Channel Squadron on Monday for Portsmouth. Princess Louise has been staying with the Duchess at Eastwell.—Prince Christian has again gone to Germany, leaving the Princess in England.—Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg are expected in England next week. They will go to St. Petersburg in June for the wedding of Princess Elizabeth of Hesse with the Grand-Duke Sergius. Their new house, Sennicott, is a pretty house with good gardens, lying to the north-west of Chichester.



AS PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER, in the absence of the Prince of Wales, Lord Carnarvon laid on Wednesday, with masonic honours, the chief corner-stone of the new central tower of Peterborough Cathedral.

ON WEDNESDAY, Lord Shaftesbury unveiled Mr. Boehm's statue of William Tyndale on the Thames Embankment, referred to in this column last week. Lord Shaftesbury spoke of the Reformer and Martyr as one of the greatest men that God's mercy had ever been pleased to send upon this earth. Among those present were the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

UNDER THE PRESIDENCY OF LORD SHAFTESBURY the British and Foreign Bible Society held its 80th annual meeting on Wednesday in Exeter Hall. The report stated that the last year's income, 233,309/-, was the largest which the society had ever received. Since its establishment it had issued more than a hundred million copies of the Bible in whole or part.

AT A MANSION HOUSE MEETING in support of the objects of the National Society, presided over by the Lord Mayor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, in moving a resolution, urged Churchmen who were managers of School Boards to make the most of their opportunities, and use whatever influence they possessed to secure for the children the greatest possible advantages from the religious teaching given. That teaching, he was convinced, need not, as some despondently thought, be necessarily worthless. In concluding, his Grace remarked that since the passing of the Education Act of 1870 the Church had contributed, for purposes of education, more than eight and a half millions sterling, as against two millions provided by all other religious bodies put together.

AT A MORNING MEETING IN EXETER HALL, on Tuesday, to celebrate the anniversary of the Church Missionary Society, its President, the Earl of Chichester, in the chair, the report presented showed the total of the receipts for the year to be 232,448/-, of which 200,372/- was ordinary income, and as such maintained the increase of nearly 10,000/- in the receipts of the previous year. At the evening meeting the Bishop of Liverpool, who presided, denied the truth of the statement that the old Evangelicalism was dying out; it was alive, and would yet do much work.

OF THE 84,921 MEN composing the British Army at home, 58,097 belong to the Church of England, 6,927 are Presbyterians, 3,414 Wesleyans, 616 Protestants of other denominations, and 16,937 Roman Catholics, 14,415 of the last being Irish-born.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR contributes to the current number of the *Contemporary Review* what he calls a "plain rendering" of the brief manual of doctrine and discipline, "The Teaching of the Apostles," which is supposed to have been written by a Jewish Christian so early as the beginning of the second century, and the recent publication, by Archbishop Bryennius, of the original Greek text of which excited so much interest.

THE CHURCH ARMY has now thirty stations in different parts of the country, and the success of its operations is considered by its promoters to be very satisfactory.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF CARDINAL MANNING, a large edition has been issued of an authorised translation of the Pope's recent Encyclical on Freemasonry.

THE REPORT read at the annual meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society showed a receipt for the year of 135,193/-, exclusive of the sum of 15,000/- from foreign auxiliaries. In the course of his speech the chairman said that Methodism had now twenty-five millions of adherents, being the largest number of persons belonging to any Protestant Communion.

THE BAPTIST UNION resolved last week to protest against the ratification of the Congo Treaty. In the report presented at the annual meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society, it was stated that the Baptist Churches had rendered it more pecuniary aid in the last than in any previous year.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY will begin, on the 27th inst., what it is understood is to be for the present their closing mission in this country. The scene of their operations will be the Thames Embankment, in a hall on the vacant ground near the Temple Gardens.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. A. C. Mackenzie has returned to London from Darmstadt to assist at the rehearsals, at Covent Garden, of *Colomba*, which will be the first novelty produced. Mr. Gye has hitherto been content with familiar works. *Faust* was performed on Thursday week, and again on Monday. But Madame Durand does not find in *Marguerite* a congenial character; and the most satisfactory member of the cast was the Austrian contralto, Mlle. Tremelli, the Siebel. Madame Pauline Lucca reappeared on Saturday as Valentina in *Les Huguenots*, the character in which she made her first bow to a London audience twenty-one years ago. So familiar an impersonation is necessarily beyond the reach of criticism; and it need only be added that the Viennese *prima donna* has returned in the fullest possession of her vocal powers. On Tuesday she appeared as Leonora in *Il Trovatore*. An accident to Signor Cotogni, whose face and hands have been slightly injured by the bursting of a bottle of paraffin, has somewhat disconcerted the operatic arrangements. But Madame Albani will reappear in *La Traviata* on Saturday, Madame Sembrich is expected next Tuesday, and Madame Patti will reappear on June 14.

RICHTER CONCERTS.—The acceptance by Herr Hans Richter of the conductorship of the Birmingham Musical Festival, in succession to Sir Michael Costa, and of the concerts of the famous Society of Friends of Music, Vienna, affords positive proof that his projected visit to the United States has been abandoned. Next Monday a novelty of the highest interest will be offered, when Brahms' new Symphony in F minor, No. 3, still in manuscript, will be performed for the first time in this country. At the concert last Monday, Herr Richter conducted a masterly performance of Schumann's *Rhenish* Symphony, of Mr. Mackenzie's orchestral ballad, founded on John Keats's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," and the *Meistersinger* prelude. M. Jules de Swert, the Belgian violoncellist, introduced for the first time here his second so-called "concerto." The "concerto" is a piece for display in a single movement, rather more fully scored than is usual in such works. Lastly, Herr Richter introduced for the first time here Brahms's *Songs of the Fates*, taken from Goethe's *Iphigenia in Tauris*. To pass judgment upon this gloomy six-part chorus after a single hearing would be unwise, but that its sombre colouring and want of relief

by no means add to its effect as abstract music will probably be uncontradicted.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mr. F. H. Cowen directed the Philharmonic concert on Wednesday, and he will also conduct the last concert of the season on the 28th inst., when his new symphony, No. 4 in B flat minor, will be performed for the first time in public. On that occasion, too, Madame Valleria, who since her return from America has been suffering from gastric fever, will, it is hoped, make her reappearance. The concert last week attracted a comparatively small audience, despite the co-operation of Dr. Hans von Bülow, who in his very best form played Raff's concerto in C minor, Op. 185. The concerto, an original and interesting work, has, it is believed, not been heard in London since Dr. von Bülow played it at a concert of the defunct Wagner Society eleven years ago. On the other hand Mr. Goring Thomas's new setting of the "Lament for Zion" from Racine's *Esther* appears to be a feeble imitation of the most lugubrious style of M. Ambroise Thomas, and, as, moreover, Mr. Santley, the vocalist, was very considerably out of voice, the *scena* fell flat. The "Dead March" from *Saul* was performed before the concert, under Mr. F. H. Cowen's direction, in memory of Sir Michael Costa, who conducted the Philharmonic Concerts from 1846 to 1854.

CARL ROSA OPERA.—Proposals have during the past week been made to Mr. Carl Rosa to turn his operatic enterprise into a limited liability company, but Mr. Rosa on Monday night finally declined. Certain changes will, however, probably take place after this season, and Mr. Randegger may possibly cease to act as conductor. The London season will end this week. *Carmen*, with Madame Marie Roze, has proved the most successful opera of the season, followed by *The Canterbury Pilgrims*, which will have been performed four times within the last fortnight. That Mr. Carl Rosa's estimate of the appreciation of popular audiences for operas of the highest class was fully justified was amply proved by the fact that the reserved seats for the last three out of the four representations were sold out before the day of performance. Mr. Mackenzie's *Colombia* was withdrawn after a single representation. *Esmeralda*, *The Bohemian Girl*, and *Maritana* have been performed with Madame Georgiana Burns in the chief parts; and *Faust*, *Lucia*, and *Mignon* have likewise been given. Lastly, Mr. Carl Rosa will, at the final performance of *Il Trovatore*, appear for the first and only time this season at the conductor's desk. The company will have a fortnight's tour in the country, and will then disperse till the end of July.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Madame Albani sang at Mr. Coenen's concert last week for the Netherland Benevolent Fund, but Mr. Sims Reeves had suffered "a painful dental operation," while Mr. Herbert Reeves was "seriously indisposed," and M. Buziau had met with an accident.—On Friday Mr. John Farmer's children's opera, *Cinderella*, was given in concert form. The only member of the original cast was Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg, but Misses Davies, Samwell, and McKenzie, and Mr. Lloyd also sang.—On Tuesday Dr. von Bülow gave his second piano recital, and his programme included the last two sonatas of Beethoven and Raff's suite in D minor.—Among the concerts we are compelled to dismiss without further notice are those given by Mr. George Gear, the Royal Academy students, the Guildhall students under Mr. Weist Hill, the Musical Artists' Society, Mr. Boosey's afternoon Ballad Concert, Signor Romano, Mr. Arthur Dorey, Mr. Charles Wade, Miss Margaret Gyde, the Paddington Choral Association (Mr. Cowen's Norwich cantata *St. Ursula*), Signor Scuderi, the Misses Chaplin, and Mlle. Rosselli. On Wednesday the Philharmonic Concert was conducted by Mr. F. H. Cowen.

WAIFS.—Madame Patti arrived in England from America on Saturday.—Mozart's *Requiem*, as edited by Brahms, will be performed by the Bach Choir next Wednesday.—It is stated Mr. Abbey lost an average of 312/- per night on his 128 American operatic representations, or a total of nearly 40,000/-—Mr. Sudlow, for many years secretary of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, died last week.—Mr. and Mrs. de Pachmann (Maggie Okey) are spending their honeymoon at Odessa.—M. Eugène d'Albert, one of the earliest free scholars of the National Training School, has published an extraordinary letter, saying that he "learnt absolutely nothing" in England, and that "only since I left that barbarous land have I begun to live." The gentleman is aged nineteen.—One of the largest music sales of recent years is announced for this month, when the copyrights of Messrs. Hutchings and Romer, valued at 36,000/-, will be sold by auction.—It is possible that Mr. A. C. Mackenzie may write a symphony (the first we believe he will have published) for the Birmingham Festival.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

A REMARKABLE feature of the present exhibition at Sir Coutts Lindsay's gallery in New Bond Street is the very great inequality of the works composing it. There are many good pictures, and a few of extraordinary merit; but, in immediate juxtaposition with them, we find weak and purposeless performances, with no quality of art to recommend them. These, too, are more numerous than in previous exhibitions here. By artists who have derived their styles from the immature art of the early Italian Schools there are, as usual, several works, the largest and, beyond all comparison the best, being Mr. E. Burne Jones's "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid." The subject is treated in a rather quaint but thoroughly original manner. Seated on a throne in a richly-decorated room is the maiden, with a look of vague wonder on her face; while the king, clad in fantastic armour, and holding a jewelled crown in his hands, sits on a step below and regards her with intense admiration. The work has many beauties, but is not quite free from the artist's prevailing mannerisms. Especially noticeable are the excessive length of the two figures and the conventional treatment of the draperies. The robe of the girl, composed of some thick and unyielding material, does not take the form that would be impressed on it by the action of the figure, but seems to enclose the limbs in a way that would render movement impossible. The passionate devotion expressed in the face of the king, and the serene beauty and fine modelling of the maiden's head, constitute the chief merits of the work; but it is remarkable, besides, for its rich and harmonious colour and the genuine poetic feeling that pervades it. The second picture by Mr. Burne Jones, "A Wood Nymph" is a good example of decorative work, representing a damsel seated in a bay-tree, with mulberries in her hand. The colour is very subdued, and every individual feature of the work is subordinate to the general decorative effect.

At the opposite end of the gallery hangs an attractive picture by Mr. P. H. Calderon, "Aphrodite Fresh as the Foam." Almost on the surface of the blue waters of the Mediterranean the goddess floats in an attitude of ease and perfect grace, her long golden hair streaming on the wave behind. Numerous sea birds attracted by her beauty flutter around her. The figure is excellently modelled, and the glowing flesh-tints, which acquire additional brilliancy by contrast with the deep blue sea, are of fine quality.—An excellent work of a very different kind is Mr. Orchardson's "The Farmer's Daughter"—an animated and very attractive girl feeding pigeons that cluster about her. The picture has great beauty of colour, and is painted with masterly ease and with more solidity than is customary with the painter. Mr. J. R. Reid has painted with great ability, but on an unnecessarily large scale, a pleasant picture of English sea coast life, "The Rival Grandfathers." The figures, though not well grouped from a pictorial point of view, are characteristic, and the tone of the work is singularly luminous. In

another sea-coast picture hanging near, "Soft Persuasion," Mr. W. H. Bartlett shows unexpected skill in depicting the nude figure. The girl, who is trying to coax a very little child to step into the calm sea, is graceful in movement, and the varying contours of her finely-formed figure are drawn and modelled with accomplished skill. Mr. E. M. Hale, who appears to have been inspired by the example of Mr. Alma Tadema, has a very clever picture of antique life—"Criticism." Two Greek girls are examining with critical curiosity a small bronze statue that has been recently set up in a public place. The picture wants air, the distant figures, except as regards size, appearing almost as near as those in the foreground, but all the individual facts of the scene are rendered with great realistic skill. The impression of bright sunshine, too, is very forcibly conveyed.

One of the best works that Mr. A. Parsons has yet produced, "Meadows by the Avon," shows farm girls returning from their work, with rising ground and groups of cows behind. While the full moon is reflected in the placid river, the scene is suffused with a warm glow of evening light. The picture is in excellent keeping, and conveys a pleasant sense of pastoral repose. Mr. Walter Maclaren's picture of Italian peasants, "Preparing the Shepherd's Meal," in a grove of olive-trees is noteworthy for its beauty of composition, as well as its firmness and breadth of style. In her view of "The Port of Middleburgh" Miss Clara Montalba has depicted a very picturesque subject with sympathetic skill. The gradations of light and colour in the picture are beautiful and true. Mr. Hamilton Macallum's small picture of young fishermen, "Fishing for Coral in the Bay of Salerno," is not a good example of his work, the colour being garish and the effect weak.

Of the 288 oil pictures in the collection more than seventy are portraits. This would be no cause of complaint if they were all as good as the three-quarter length picture by Mr. Millais of "Lady Campbell," or as his full-length of the same lady as she appeared fifteen years ago. The latter, in which "Miss Nina Lehmann" is seen perched on a blue porcelain garden-seat, with a red poppy in her hands, is an admirable example of childish portraiture; but it is greatly surpassed by the recent work, which shows more strength, and at the same time more refinement of style. Mr. Millais also exhibits a capital portrait of "The Marquis of Lorne" enveloped in a fur coat. Everything in the picture is subordinate to the head, which is animated and expressive. A different mode of treatment has been adopted by Mr. Alma-Tadema in his life-sized portrait of "Signor G. B. Amendola," the sculptor, who, holding between his fingers a lighted cigar, is at work on a silver statuette. Here the head is quite overpowered by the numerous accessory objects, all of which are painted with extraordinary realistic force. The same want of repose and keeping are to be seen in the portrait of "Herr L. Lowentam," who, with the implements of his craft about him, is occupied in etching. In each picture the head is full of individuality, and painted with elaborate completeness. Besides other works that do not seem to be of recent date, Mr. G. F. Watts has a characteristic but rather feebly handled head of "The Marquis of Salisbury," and a portrait of "Earl Lytton," full of vitality, and painted with breadth and firmness. The seven portraits by Mr. W. B. Richmond are of very unequal merit, the life-sized half-length of "Miss Rose Mirlees," in walking costume, being infinitely the best. The attitude of the figure is graceful, and at the same time dignified; the treatment of the drapery is very artistic, and the masses of colour skilfully arranged. Mr. Richmond's portrait of "Viscount Cranborne," in military uniform, is noteworthy for the strongly-marked individuality and excellent modelling of the head, but the red coat is terribly crude in colour. Mr. Herkomer and Mr. F. Holl are so largely represented at the Academy that their pictures here may pass unnoticed. Attention should be drawn, however, to a large portrait completely unconventional in treatment, and broadly painted by Miss E. M. Osborne, of the well-known artist, "Madame Bodichon," seated at her easel; to Mr. Rudolf Lehmann's head of "Lord Houghton"; to Mr. J. Forbes Robertson's animated "Portrait of a Young Lady," and to Miss Hilda Montalba's finely-coloured picture of a lady in walking attire seated at a tea-table.



THE TURF.—The most interesting race of the season hitherto, and perhaps the most important as "casting shadows before it," was that for the One Thousand at Newmarket towards the end of last week. Though only six fillies came to the post, the meeting of Busybody, who of course was made favourite, Sandiway, Whitelock, and Queen Adelaide was worth going a long way to see. Busybody won cleverly enough, but Queen Adelaide's second was an excellent performance, as every one could see that she was not fully trained. So much so, that she was at once reinstated as first favourite for the Derby, and now stands at only 4 to 1 for that event. Her performance was very decidedly superior to that of her stable companion, Harvester, who ran third for the Two Thousand; and as it is said that her owner has a big double event bet about her, Scot Free having pulled off the first, she is likely to hold her place in the market if all goes well with her, and perhaps start a stronger favourite than she is now. For the great event, Mr. Walton's Richmond went back in the betting a few days ago, but we must not attach too much importance to that. Fit and well on the day, he is bound to take a lot of beating.—Poor Chester, with all its "added money," seems doomed as a popular tryst. The first day's racing was about as poor as can well be imagined, and so was that of the second day, though the once-famous Cup showed little revival by eleven starters coming to the post. The public seemed to have long booked it as a certainty for Lord Rosebery's Cameliard, who recently showed excellent form at Newmarket. He started at less than 2 to 1, but could not get a place, Havock, the second in demand, winning the race easily enough, with the outsiders Louis d'Or and Sophist second and third. The Duke of Westminster, in accordance with the fitness of things, won several events, and Archer on the two first days opened the ball by riding the winners of the three first races in succession.

CRICKET.—The Australians have been pretty busy practising at Mitcham, and seem to be in good form all round. Murdoch and Spofforth took part last Saturday with an Orleans Club team against Bexley, when Spofforth, in the second innings of Bexley, took seven wickets in six overs and three balls, at the cost of only two runs, the whole innings showing only seven as the total.—Another bit of sensational bowling was put on record recently in a match between Beckton and Ravensbourne, when H. Pichet, an Essex bowler, took six wickets in eleven overs, at the cost of only twelve runs, and H. C. Curtis eight wickets (seven clean bowled) for eleven runs.

FOOTBALL.—Though we are now well into May we must add just one more football note to the effect that on the second time of asking Queen's Park, Glasgow, has beaten the 3rd Lanark Volunteers, by eight goals to nothing, for the Glasgow Charity Cup (Association).

PEDESTRIANISM.—Another six days' and nights' go-as-you-please contest, which seems to have created unusual interest, has been

concluded at New York. It is questionable if there ever has been such a stubbornly-contested affair either in this country or America; and our countryman, Rowell, of Chesterton, though beaten for first honours, put in over 600 miles, thus lowering several records. Out of fourteen starters, seven did over 520 miles each. Fitzgerald, of Long Island City, won with 610 miles, and Rowell was second with 602; but their places would more than probably have been reversed had not the Englishman been seized with severe sickness on one of the days of the contest. The best previous record was that of George Hazael, with 600 miles. We must confess we are no admirers of these "brute-endurance" affairs; and are ashamed to find that a similar contest has been going on at Bury, in Lancashire, this week, with women as competitors.

AQUATICS.—From the Universities we hear that aquatic matters are very lively, the crews being very busy in preparing for the summer races. Especially at Cambridge fresh spirit seems to have been infused into the rowing community by the recent victory at Putney, and we shall probably see more Light Blue crews at next Henley than usual.—By the way, all prospect of Poplar Point at that famous tryst being rounded off this year is given up, and probably "booming" off the bay will be tried again, though on a former occasion this plan did not give very satisfactory results.—Hanlan, we learn, is at the Antipodes, but it is very hard to believe the statement that he is matched to row Elias Laycock on the 22nd inst.

ANGLING.—We read of the invention in America of a self registering fish-hook which, it is said, cannot be tampered with, and will convict the angler of any enlargement of the weight of his captures. It is to be hoped that the fish will be informed of this, as it is said that the chief pain hooked fish feel springs from the consciousness of the lies which will be told of their weight after death!—News from Nottingham and neighbouring districts informs us that the Trent is wonderfully well stocked with salmon this season, and that the "locals" are slaying them merrily with lobworms after the Nottingham style of barbel-fishing. We fancy a good many fine fish are taken by noble sportsmen elsewhere in this manner, but "Hush! not a word," as they are credited with using the legitimate fly.—Lovers of the angle generally, and especially lovers of the old master of the craft, Izaak Walton, and admirers of his immortal book, will hail with pleasure Mr. T. Westwood's "Twelve Sonnets" to his memory, which have been published as a loving memorial of the bicentenary of his death in December last.—A very pleasant reminiscence of angling in a somewhat different line is offered to anglers in the shape of a small oleograph, entitled "An Evening's Fishing" (S. Low and Co.), after an oil painting by Mr. Targett, of Salisbury, whose pictures at the recent Fisheries' Exhibition attracted so much admiration. The oleograph represents a group of Devonshire trout, and is produced in no less than eighteen colours.

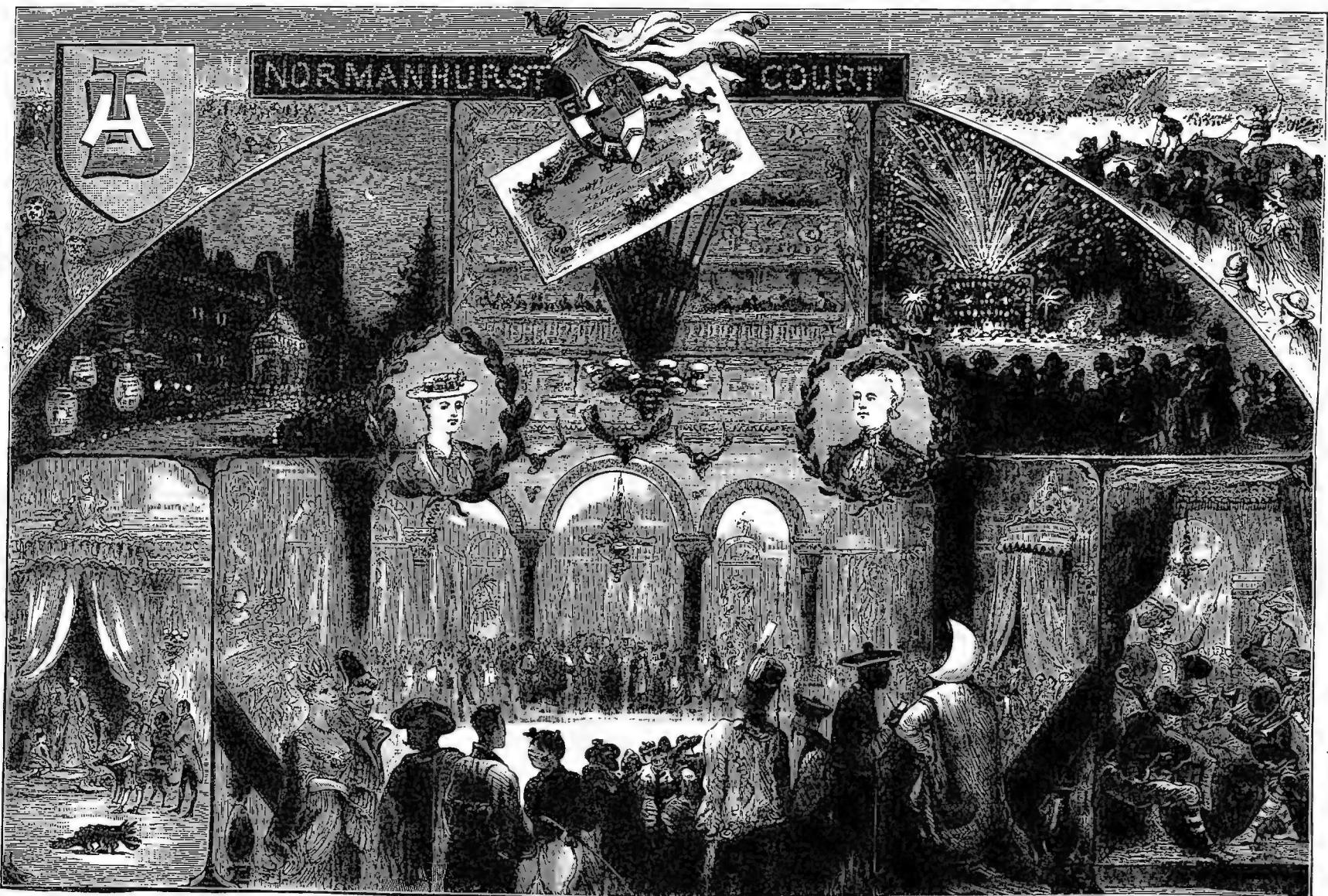


MR. AND MRS. BANCROFT have received so severe a scolding for making all else give way to the furnishing forth of the elaborate set scenes which distinguish their revival of *The Rivals* that we are loth to say anything more upon that score. A special protest, however, may be permitted to us against the complete suppression of the "North Parade," for not only does this fashionable promenade of Bath society figure again and again in the play; it is intimately associated with the story of its production in 1775. *The Rivals*, originally brought out at Covent Garden in January of that year, was naturally reproduced very shortly afterwards at the Theatre Royal, Bath—the only provincial house in those days which stood in public estimation on a level with the best theatres of the metropolis; and great was the pride of the Bath folk when connoisseurs in the matter of scenic art pronounced the view of the North Parade, painted specially for the occasion by Davis, superior to the same scene at Covent Garden. Miss Linley—Sheridan's sister-in-law—writing from Bath on the 9th of March, and describing the excellence of the acting, the beauty of the dresses, and the enthusiasm of the Bath audience, testifies to the fact that Davis's scene was "a most delightful one." Associations of this kind should not be lightly disturbed, even for the sake of an elaborate "set," representing the best room in the Red Lion Inn (a fashionable inn in Bath, by the way, would then have been dignified with the name of an "hotel," as appears in the text) or the equally unauthorised innovation—the tea-room of "The New Rooms." The "gavotte" which is here danced by the leading personages and others is, no doubt, in itself a pretty feature, and, if without apparent motive, it is still redolent of the time and the place. But the passion for limiting each act to one scene—an excellent object in itself—is clearly carried too far when associations so intimate and of such long standing are made to give way to innovations which are based on no suggestion in the play. Having recorded this complaint, we have nothing but praise for the beautiful opening scene—the street, or rather nook, in Bath, with the inn and its yard, the library and old librarian, the watchman, the itinerant musicians, and the other mute personages introduced for the sake of giving reality and animation to the picture. Nor is the acting, though it was rather too slow on the first night, without substantial merits. If Mr. Pinero's Sir Anthony Absolute falls short of preconceived ideals, it is only because the actor is not endowed by Nature with the overpowering presence, the strength of voice, and the air of command, united with the rich geniality which it requires. As an example of what may be accomplished on the stage by study and a fine artistic sense, it is for the reasons given all the more remarkable. It is time to recognise the fact that our stage possesses in Mr. Pinero not only a clever dramatist, but one of the most finished of character actors. The Mrs. Malaprop of Mrs. Stirling and the Acres of Mr. Brough are too well known to the public to need commendation at our hands. It would be well if Mr. Bishop's Sir Lucius O'Trigger—and, we must add, Mr. Forbes Robertson's Captain Absolute—could borrow a little of the breadth and force of these admirable impersonations. Mr. Bancroft's sincere and spirited performance of the part of Faulkland, aided by Mrs. Bernard-Beere's splendid presence and refined acting in the character of Julia, serve to remind us that these twain are not the mere tedious superfluities which they are commonly supposed to be, but have their function to fulfil in the satire, cleverly contrasted as their relations are with those of the Captain and the sentimental Lydia, who finds in Miss Calhoun a very pretty and intelligent, if somewhat too moderate and refined, representative. A favourable note is due to Mr. Brookfield's David, as a clever study of rustic shrewdness, tempered by age and confidential service; to Mr. Elliot's Fag, whose gentlemanly airs lack; however, the full touch of exaggeration; and to Miss Julia Gwynne's Lucy, who is pretty, clever, and winning enough to make the spectator wince at the disclosure of her pertly mercenary habits.

The ill-behaviour of the gallery folk in hissing and groaning so persistently at Mr. Bancroft on Saturday evening should in fairness be taken into account in estimating the general merits of the performance. It is some consolation to know that the cause had no reference either to old grievances or to dissatisfaction with the performance, but only to the unfortunate circumstance that



THE ROYAL WEDDING AT DARMSTADT—THE ROYAL PARTY RETURNING TO THE LUDWIG PALACE AFTER THE CEREMONY
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



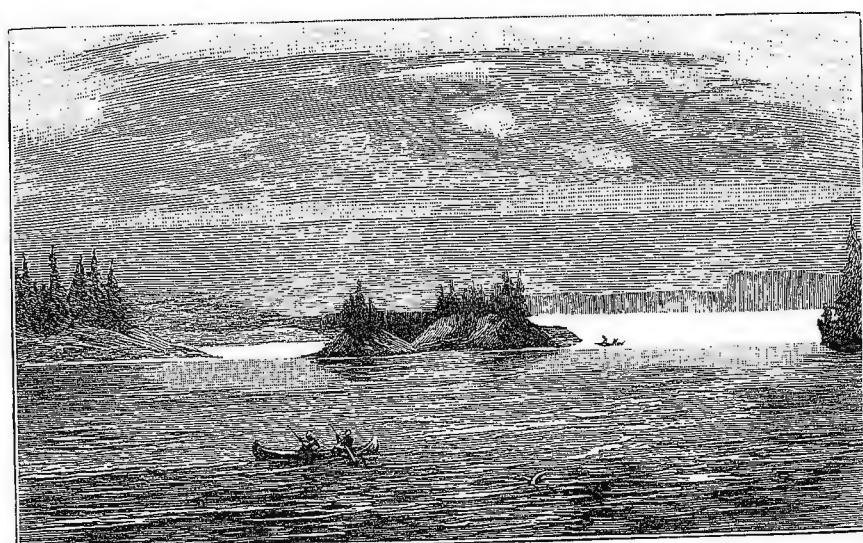
FESTIVITIES AT NORMANHURST COURT, SUSSEX, TO CELEBRATE THE COMING OF AGE OF THE SON OF SIR THOMAS BRASSEY, K.C.B., M.P.



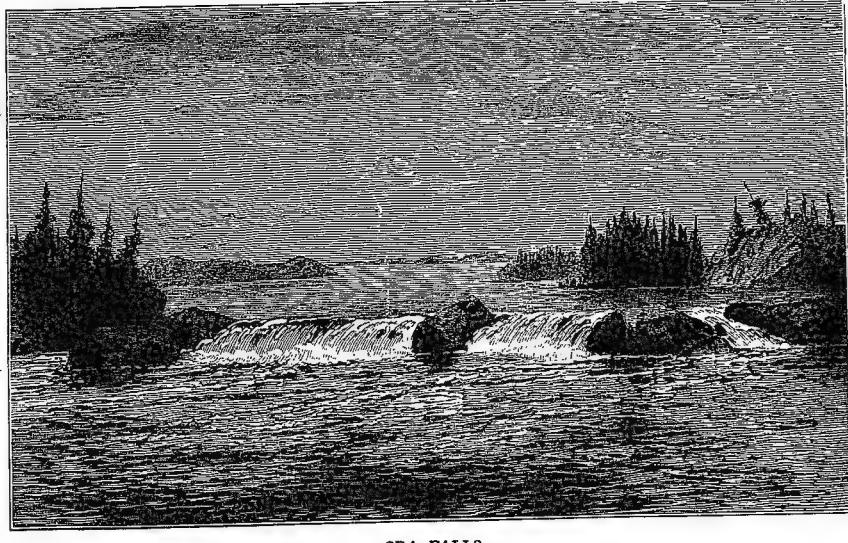
SIR MICHAEL COSTA
Composer and Musical Conductor
Born Feb. 4, 1810. Died April 29, 1884



MICHAEL THOMAS BASS
The Eminent Brewer
Born 1799. Died April 29, 1884

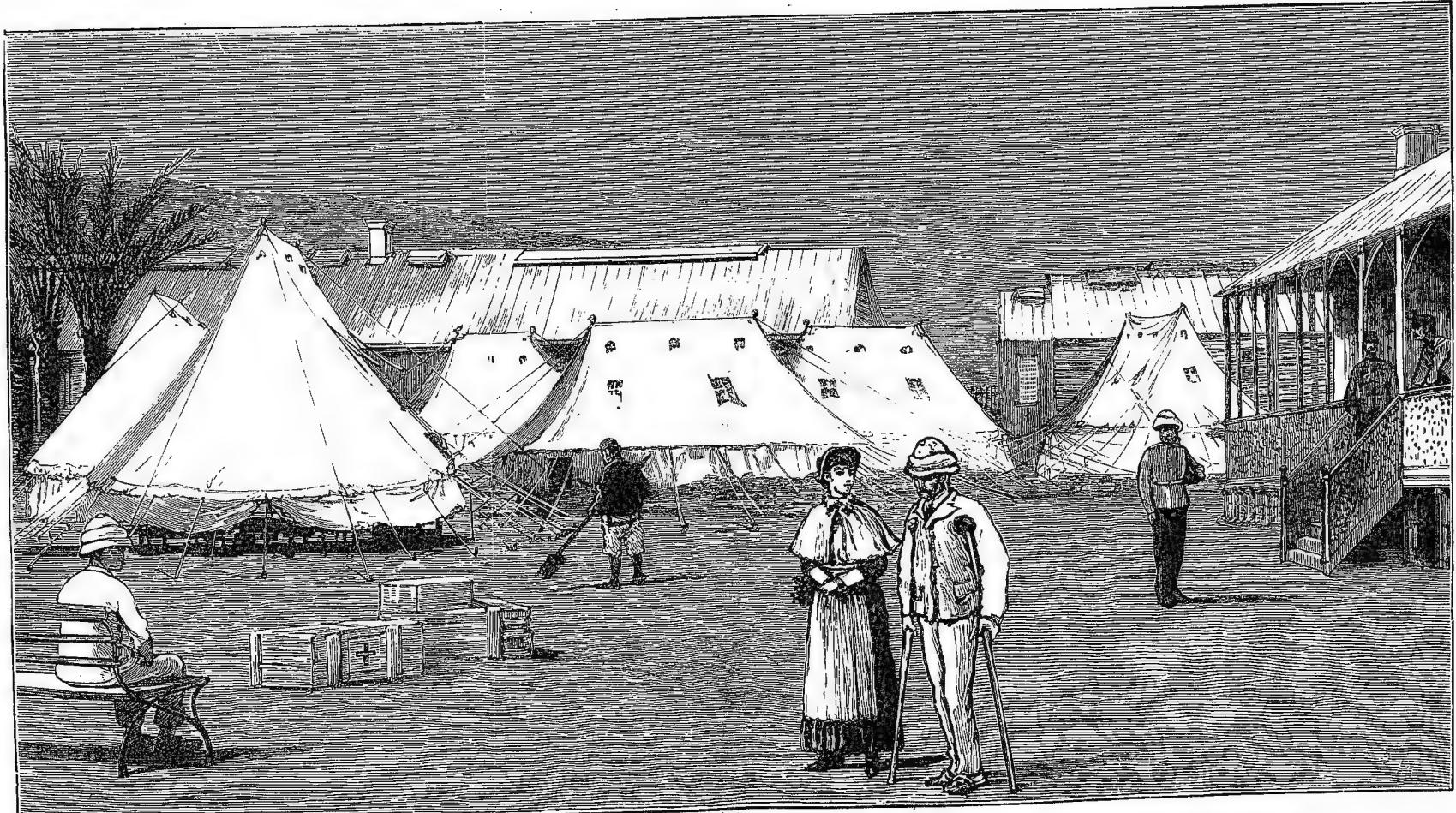


PORT NELSON



SEA FALLS

THE PROPOSED TERMINI OF THE WINNIPEG AND HUDSON BAY RAILWAY, CANADA



THE VICTORIA HOSPITAL AT SUEZ, WHERE THE WOUNDED FROM THE SOUDAN HAVE BEEN TREATED

many of the gallery folk had got wet in waiting outside. Mr. Bancroft's excuse that he had abolished his temporary awning because a clumsy attendant once dropped it on to the head of a passer-by will, we fear, only provoke the retort that he should not employ clumsy people. On the other hand, the suggestion that the doors might have been opened before the appointed time seems hardly reasonable. After all, there must be some time appointed for opening, and to open earlier than this would be a sort of breach of faith towards those who come down at the advertised hour, in reliance upon getting a fairly good seat.

The melodramas and historical dramas of intrigue wherewith M. Lockroy and his coadjutors thrilled and delighted the Parisians of forty or fifty years since have long been laid on the shelves of the Port St. Martin and the Ambigu theatres. Now and then, however, they continue to attract the English adaptor, as in the case of the unfortunate *Crimson Cross* at the ADELPHI, which was an adaptation of that same drama of *Pétrin Leclerc* which Jules Janin so unmercifully ridiculed for its affectations and—to employ a term which will be understood on this side of the Channel—its "Harrison-Ainsworthisms." Mr. Boucicault, jun., has gone to the same source for the subject of the new play produced at the COURT Theatre, which is based on *Un Duel sous Richelieu*, better known as supplying the story of the opera of *Maria de Rohan*. The plot is interwoven with the cunning of the French melodramatists of 1840, and it possesses some strong dramatic situations, in which Miss Ada Cavendish and Mr. Conway are enabled to move the sympathies of spectators who have not grown hardened and sceptical towards the too-familiar resources of the playwright's art. Mr. Clayton's *De Chevreuse*, a nobleman who has the misfortune to have married a wife who, like the heroine of *The Ironmaster*, has married in spite and vexation, is, like most of the impersonations of that actor, well studied. Mr. Boucicault, jun., as the fast licentious little Abbé, is less successful in commanding himself to the sympathies of the audience. Altogether the play has a slightly unreal tone about it; but it was nevertheless favourably received.

Sigñor Salvini will give a farewell performance of *Othello* at Covent Garden on Friday, May 16.

Mr. Edgar Bruce has not relinquished the management of the new PRINCE'S Theatre, rumour being in this regard once more at fault. A dramatisation of Mr. Hugh Conway's *Called Back* will shortly take the place here of *The Private Secretary*, together with a comedietta entitled *Writing a Play*, the production of a writer who adopts the signature of "Austin Friars." It must not be inferred that Mr. Hawtrey's adaptation from the German has been a failure; or that the public have failed to enjoy Mr. Beerbohm Tree's inimitable portrait of the clerical tutor. *The Private Secretary* is, in fact, simply going to be transferred to the GLOBE.

The Three Hats has been substituted for the unhappy *Not a Word* at the AVENUE. The exchange is an improvement. Mr. Owen Dove's performance in the former piece is very original and amusing.

It is stated that during his next American tour Mr. Irving will produce *As You Like It*, and that this play will be reproduced by him at the LYCÉUM as the opening piece of the season of 1885. Miss Ellen Terry will doubtless play Rosalind. What part there is for Mr. Irving is less clear. Orlando is the property of the *jeune premier* of the company. Jaques has been generally assigned to the leading serious actor by virtue of its elocutionary opportunities, but it would be a rather small part for Mr. Irving.

Mr. Wilton Jones's *Haunted Lives* will be performed for the first time in London at the OLYMPIC this evening.

We believe that Mr. Lawrence Barrett has abandoned his intention of appearing at the LYCÉUM in *Francesca di Rimini*.

A drama founded on "Adam Bede" is in preparation at the HOLBORN theatre.

Our Boys is to be revived at Whitsuntide at the STRAND,—we need hardly say with Mr. David James as Middlewick, for the public mind could hardly conceive a performance of this popular play with any other representative of the immortal buterman.

Mr. C. M. Rae has secured the English rights in that clever and amusing new comedy *Trois Femmes pour Un Mari*, and is engaged in adapting it for the English stage. The original is enjoying at the Théâtre Cluny an immense popularity.



WE may surely now look for sunshine and warmth, and, should they be delayed for a week or so, it is nevertheless well to make due preparation for them. Although the Court mourning is over, and bright colours again appear in our streets, there is more than a usual number of families in mourning; hence, when we call upon our dressmakers to supply us with Spring attire, the answer but too often is, "Very sorry, madam, but we have a mourning order which must be attended to." Thus those improvident persons who do not give their orders until the warm weather has set in will find that they must wait.

Now that the skirts are so often made plain, excepting a ruching under the hem, poplin is again very much worn—a material which combines softness with solidity in a great degree. We were surprised to learn that a great reduction has taken place in the prices of poplins, which now range from 4s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. a yard, something under half what they cost a few years ago. Most expensive of this fabric is the Ottoman cord poplin, which is much used for mantles, and made in various widths of stripes. Poplins are made in all the newest shades of colour, more especially in a chromatic scale of greys, the most popular colour of the season. It is used for costumes in combinations of three shades, or with a contrasting colour; for example, golden brown, chestnut brown, violet, ruby, or for complimentary mourning, black. We advise our readers when they have decided upon a grey costume to be careful in choosing the shade which will best suit their complexions. Blue greys are most becoming to fair complexions, whilst brunettes may wear the more leaden to silver shades, especially when combined with claret, ruby, or golden brown. One of the newest materials of the season is Irish homespun—a herring-bone design—made in all the cool shades of grey and brown. This material is also made in granite mixtures of red and brown. Very similar in texture is a fine soft Indian cloth, which drapes most artistically. Zephyr cloth is much worn this month, as it is warmer than batiste or linen, and more substantial, especially for children's costumes.

In the course of our Fashion *tournée* we saw a very elegant dove-coloured cashmere, trimmed with Lincoln green velvet and steel bead *passementerie*. Another very stylish costume was a combination of terra cotta and stone cashmere, with anemones in velvet in high relief. The skirt was knife-pleated, a mode which is more durable than machine pleating, made in shot silk, with panels of Mauresque lace and velvet *revers*. A very plain but stylish walking costume was of grey beige with double box pleats, bodice with long points in front, opening over a waistcoat embroidered in gold; the skirt was draped on one side, and arranged in flat folds on the other. A very effective costume for a garden party or wedding was made of beige-coloured nun's veiling, a very original drapery, with alternate stripes of beige-coloured lace and satin ribbon; the bodice was composed of ribbon and lace made with a blouse-shaped front. Shot materials, in two shades, or in contrasting colours, continue to gain in favour. A pretty French foulé was made

with a stone-coloured ground and woven brick-red spots. A very pleasing novelty for garden-parties and *fêtes* of every description is *soie de chine*. We saw a remarkably pretty design: on a cream-coloured ground were small roses, which looked as though they were hand-painted. Another was of silver-grey ground, with deep crimson rosebuds; there were plain materials to match. On a grey foulé cloth were chenille-worked leaves of a dull red. A very elegant tea-gown was made in pale blue cashmere, with *broché* satin front and Swiss bodice, trimmed with lace. Wide hanging sleeves are again in fashion, and, graceful though they may be, they are most inconvenient for ordinary wear; under-sleeves, tight to the wrist, are worn with them.

A very pretty walking-dress, which came from Paris, was of prune-coloured mohair; jacket bodice opened over a waistcoat of sulphur-white Indian silk; draperies, which formed paniers at the side and puffs at the back, and showed peeps of the lining of Indian silk; on the hem was a quilling of sulphur-coloured silk. Shot *glacé* silks are very much worn for walking-dresses, made with round skirts and embroidered flounces put on flat, or on the cross. The bodice is made with a point in front, an embroidered waistcoat, and at the back a long redingote.

That most useful of garments, the Jersey, is now made with a short plain *basque*. They look very pretty in cream-white, with blue or red collars and cuffs, on which are rows of white narrow braid; in dark blue, with narrow gold braid, or in black, braided in a bold design. For a girl of ten, "The Newhaven" costume is much admired. It is made in pale blue fine flannel, with three skirts, in plain blue, red, and white, and blue and white blouse bodice; large square collar. Another girl's costume was made of dark blue cashmere, with a cream serge front, honeycombed; cuffs and collar of cream serge.

Bonnets are worn very small, as a rule. Irish point lace is used to cover a coloured silk foundation, or it is dyed red, black, or stone-coloured. The twine bonnets, of which we spoke last month as a novelty, are now often seen. The brown or grey coarse twine is worked round from the centre of the crown; the front is made of frayed silk, a feather rosette or flower on one side; but, trim them as you may, they are neither becoming nor elegant. Butterflies, large and small, in natural brilliant hues and filagree gold, dragonflies, and other gay insects are used to trim both hats and bonnets. Fancy straws to match the costume are in vogue. For dress toilettes, embroidered tulle or crêpe, in white, pink, cream, or any pale colour, are much used for making and trimming hats and bonnets. There is nothing new in the shapes of hats as yet; for the most part they are made with straight brims and high crowns, which are certainly not becoming to all faces and figures. Jockey-caps are again in favour, but they are too eccentric for a young girl to wear, and most inappropriate for an old one. Most becoming of all shapes is "The Trianon"—in Paris it is quite the favourite in good society; it is made of Leghorn straw trimmed with ostrich feathers of the same shade, one placed under the brim, and curling on the neck, and a full plume on the crown. The colours, or rather, we should say, the shades, most popular this month are geranium red, mushroom, pistachio green, beige, *écru*, mignonette, a leather colour; cream and sulphur of the palest tint are still much worn.

The mania for kid bodices has again broken out, and a very extravagant fancy, only to be indulged in by the wealthy, it is. Unless they fit like a glove, and are cut to perfection, it is folly to attempt to wear them. We saw a ball corsage of flesh-pink kid, without any drapery on the bodice, the appearance of which can be more easily imagined than described. So severe were the criticisms of all around her, that the discomfited wearer was obliged to keep on her opera cloak all the evening.

Some very dainty aprons for afternoon tea have been recently introduced. The centre, which is very small, is made of white spotted muslin or Indian silk, with seven rows of lace sewn together round it; instead of a bib there were three straps of satin ribbon about an inch and a half wide, which sprang from the centre of the waist in front, and were passed over the head and shoulders round the neck. On the left side were three butterfly bows, a cluster of bows and ends were at the waist. The same style was made with a small square bib instead of the straps.

Fichus are made very long, reaching far below the waist; they will be worn out of doors as soon as the weather becomes warm; they look remarkably well made of soft *crêpe de soie*, trimmed with Mechlin lace, and bows or loops of satin ribbon. Some are made to wear with an open square-cut bodice in the daytime; they are of rows of lace, put on closely, one above another.



THE WEATHER RECORD OF APRIL showed a range of temperature from 68 deg. on the 2nd, to 27 deg. on the 23rd—41 degrees. The rainfall was only 113 inches on thirteen days, and there were only three downright wet days, namely, the 7th, 26th, and 27th. The temperature in London was only 4 deg. below the average, but at several country observatories 7 deg. mean depression were recorded. The coldest day of the month was the 23rd, when there were 16 deg. of frost registered on the grass. From the 13th to the 25th the day temperature was below 40 deg. in the open air. The prevalent winds were E. and N.E. The 22nd will long be remembered for the violent earthquake shock felt in Essex, Suffolk, and even in London.

THE CATTLE DISEASE BILL has now got through those dangers which appeared to threaten its very existence. The Government, after receiving one bad beating, gave in with a fairly good grace, and deserve the credit attaching to such action. The Bill is now far more the Duke of Richmond's than Lord Carlingford's. To safe countries our ports will be as free as ever, but to suspected countries they will be closed until the foreign authorities can effectually clear themselves of the suspicion.

DAIRY FARMERS are invited to meet in council on the 22nd, at Gloucester, to consider the following needs and how to supply them:—1. Improved appliances and structural accommodations; 2. The extent to which minor industries, such as poultry, rabbits, bees, and horticulture, can be combined with dairy-farming; 3. The separation of cream; 4. Better protection against losses by epizootics; 5. The better training of those engaged in dairy work.

ESSEX FARMING appears to be still "low," though the number of vacant holdings is diminishing, and farms are now more difficult to get on easy terms than they were two years ago. The number of landlords acting as their own farmers and employing bailiffs has much increased of late, and we have been pleased to note that even where farms are vacant they are seldom left to go wild. A good deal of draining is still needed in Essex, and the wheat shows this very decidedly just now, for whereas on well-drained land it is rich in colour, strong in growth, and looking like five quarters an acre, on undrained land the cold April has turned the corn yellow. Farm labourers in Essex have been earning 15s. all through the winter, and are by no means a "down-trodden" class.

THE WEST-COUNTRY FARMERS are considering the expediency of amalgamating the Societies of Herefordshire, Worcestershire, and Gloucestershire. As none of these Societies as they now stand are

especially strong, as the agricultural characteristics of the three shires are largely in accord, and as their union would certainly form a very powerful association, we think the movement deserves support. Monmouthshire might well be included in the union.

THE MAIDSTONE SHOW on Whit Monday is likely to be one of the largest agricultural gatherings ever held in the county of Kent. The railway companies will run numerous excursions, and have made special arrangements for the conveyance of stock. The entries of animals are now complete, and are well above the average, those in the cattle classes being especially large. The exhibition of implements and machinery is largely in excess of most previous years, while the leading seed firms are presented with even more fulness of display than was put before the public last year. There will be a good show of poultry, and a special feature will be a tent devoted to Art work of various descriptions.

THE TOMTIT.—A mysterious robbery at Shenbridge Hall, Cheshire, has been satisfactorily explained. The hall letter-box is placed in a gate at the roadside, and Mr. Lockett, who resides at Shenbridge, expecting a cheque for 10/- from Liverpool, went to the box. He discovered that the envelope had been tampered with, and the cheque abstracted. Coming to the conclusion that he had been robbed, as the letter-box itself remained, while the cheque had been taken, Mr. Lockett rode over to Nantwich, and gave information, but, on returning later, he examined the letter-box more closely, and found several tomtits in it. Further investigation led to his finding the missing cheque, lying twenty-six yards away, on the turnpike road, whither it had evidently been carried by a tomtit.

THE SPARROW has commonly been credited with a ravenous appetite, but it was reserved for "G. F. C." who has kept a tame sparrow, to find how mixed a diet this little bird will thrive upon. Bread, butter, dough, jam, marmalade, cakes, poultry, sugar, meat, oatmeal, bird-seed, and vegetables is a tolerably extensive "house list," but then he goes forth foraging daily, and feasting on worms and all the delicacies of the fields.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—On the 30th of April a heron was observed flying over London. It alighted at the ornamental water in the Queen's private grounds, but rapidly remounted and got away clear.—A hoopoe was seen at Hythe, in Kent, on 27th April, and on the same day the hawfinch was observed at Blackheath.—Of arrivals of summer birds we may record the white wagtail at Carlisle on the 15th April, and the swift on the 28th April. The sedge warbler reached Mansfield by the 30th, and on the same day the corn-crake was seen.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The number of animals suffering from foot-and-mouth disease has now fallen as low as 809, and the contagion is, it is to be hoped, virtually eradicated in the great majority of counties.—The average price of English wheat remains very low. Last week it was only 37s. 4d. on the average of 187 towns, and at Colchester only 40s. was made for fine red wheat weighing 64½ lbs. to the bushel.—During the past three weeks the price of sheep in Scotland has been the subject of a moderate advance.—The growth of English pastures does not entirely satisfy the farmer, who is buying in many cases foreign oats and feeding barley, as well as flat and round maize.



AFTER A NINE DAYS' TRIAL of the action brought by the Central News against the Eastern Telegraph Company for fraudulently divulging to the Exchange Company a telegram announcing the victory of Tel-el-Kebir, which had been dispatched by the correspondent of the Central News in Egypt to the head-office in London, the jury gave on Wednesday a verdict, which was virtually for the defendants. Lord Coleridge's summing up was decidedly adverse to the plaintiffs.

A DEPUTATION from the Society for Promoting the Amendment of the Law have had an interview with the Attorney-General to urge on him the adoption in the mother-country of what is known as the Torrens system of registering titles to land. Its author, Sir Richard Torrens, was present, and addressed the Attorney-General, who was assured by Mr. Hastings, of the Social Science Association, that under the Torrens system there was no reason why the transfer of real estate should not be as simple an operation as the transfer of stock.

IN A LETTER, with the well-known signature "B." Lord Bramwell takes exception to a Bill now before the House of Commons, the framers of which, owing, he thinks, to a misunderstanding of the famous judgment in the Dobbs case, propose to make the water-rates payable on the "net annual value as settled by the local authorities." "B." contends that the annual value, as settled from time to time by the local authorities, being always below the true annual value, the Bill, if it became law, would be unjust to the water companies. It was on an annual value larger than that settled by the local authority, on "the true, real, actual net value," he affirms, that in Dobbs's case the House of Lords held the water company entitled to charge.

MR. BISHOP, the "thought-reader," has been defeated in an action tried at Manchester, and brought by him against a Mr. Whiteley, who had guaranteed him the payment, by a third party, of no less a sum than 1,200/- for a year's performances. There was a failure of the payments, and a subsequent agreement and guarantee. Again the payments failed, and Bishop suspended operations, when fifteen performances still remained to be given. It was a condition of the second guarantee that he should fulfil his engagement, and as he had not done this Mr. Justice Day directed judgment to be entered for the defendant.

DALY, alias DENMAN, AND EGAN, charged with treason-felony, were brought up on remand before the Birmingham stipendiary magistrate, on Saturday. With them, on the same charge, was joined William M'Donnell, a publican, of Wednesbury. Letters and documents found in Egan's house and garden were read in order to prove his intimacy with Daly, M'Donnell with Egan, and the participation of both in Fenian plots. The prisoners were remanded for another week.

AS THE RESULT of a competitive examination in common and criminal law, open only to students of Lincoln's Inn, a scholarship of a hundred guineas has been awarded to Mr. T. P. Sintra, a native of India.

THE ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL of the London Coffee and Eating House Keepers' Benevolent Association was held on Tuesday last at the Guildhall Tavern, when a large and enthusiastic company assembled to aid this excellent institution.

THE EARL OF DALHOUSIE, K.T., will preside at the dinner on behalf of the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children, to be held at Willis's Rooms on Tuesday, May the 20th.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, PADDINGTON.—A festival dinner in aid of the funds for the extension of this charity, which does useful work in a district of London remote from the vicinity of other hospitals, was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 7th inst., under the presidency of Lord Carlingford. Handsome subscriptions were announced; but the charity stands in further need of aid.



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1 Nursing Apron, 5s. 6d.; 2 Flannel, 5s. 6d.	21	0
2 Flannel Head Squares	42	0
1 Flannel Head Square, embroidered	3	11
1 Flannel Wrapper	5	11
6 Quilted Bibs	3	11
1 Silk Hood	1	0
1 Handsome Cloak, trimmed Lace and Satin	12	0
1 Berceauette, trimmed Muslinette, fully fitted	2	6
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when £6,000 were realized.

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The name of the Bard of Avon has been adopted as
the text-word of the whole event, and an endeavour
will be made to give the Show a value beyond its own
object, by affording an instructive insight into the
artistic beauties of Shakespeare. Mr. IRVING, prior
to his departure for America, joined the Council which
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AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. HILYARD RETURNS

THEN, from the day of Tom's departure, for the space of six weeks, I heard nothing save when I rode to Dilston, and heard what my Lord, who found means to send a letter every week, told the Countess. As I know now with what misgivings he entered upon the rebellion; how quickly he perceived, but could not remedy, the errors committed during its conduct; and how there fell upon him, very soon after the beginning, a heaviness and despondency which grew daily deeper—ah! noble heart!—I have never ceased to wonder how he could sustain the pretence of light heart, hope, and cheerfulness which he presented in those beautiful letters of his. There was nothing—no, not one word—in them which might lead his wife to suppose that all was not going well. They were on the Border; they were with Lord Kemure and the Scots; they were already so many strong; they were coming back, and would gather in the recruits so freely offered at the outset; they would soon be 20,000 strong; with more to the same effect, and the whole so set and ornamented with terms of endearment for his wife, and of tender messages of love to the innocent children, that the heart of her who read them was led aside from the contemplation of the danger to think only of the honour and glory of the expedition.

"That my Lord should be foremost," said the fond wife, "in bringing the Prince to his own is not wonderful; nay, it is his duty. But it surprises me that the gentlemen of England have not long ago resolved to accomplish so easy a task. Why, it will be but a ride through the country, from Northumberland to London."

It was, truly, to end in a ride through the country; but not such a ride as her Ladyship pictured to herself.

Then we pleased ourselves in wondering how the Prince would be received by London; when the Coronation would take place; by what safeguards and concessions the liberties of the Church of England would be secured; how great a thing it would be once more to have a Court, with a young King and Queen (but a wife must be found for his Majesty, and who should she be?), to which Catholic gentlefolk might resort; and how charming, after the quiet country life, to enjoy the pleasures of the Town—with many other speculations equally pleasant and profitable.

In those days the Countess talked with me a great deal concerning her childhood, when first she made the acquaintance of her future Lord. They were together at St. Germain's, she being in the Ursuline Convent, with one or two of her sisters (she

was the eldest of five daughters), and he a page and companion of the Prince. The English children at St. Germain's had more liberty than, it seems, is accorded to the French, and they all knew each other.

"My dear," she said, in her quick and candid manner of speech, "I blush not to own that I loved him from the first, when he was only a beautiful boy, dressed up like a soldier to please the Prince, with his brown hair in a ribbon, and a little sword by his side; I loved him then, and I have loved him ever since, though little did I think I should ever get my heart's desire. For supposing we played together, and were friends, he would go away and forget me; or he would meet with more beautiful women, and fall in love with them; or with flattering and designing women, who would want his wealth and rank—I care nothing about either, Heaven knows, and would love him just as much if he were a simple gentleman like his cousins of the county. Why, as for love, did he not fall in love with you who would have none of him for religion's sake? Ah!"—here she sighed—"tis well I was not so tempted. Religion and all I think I would have thrown away for his dear sake. Yet how he should love me after your lovely face, Cousin Dorothy, passeth my understanding. Well; as for what is before, I know not, but pray for the best, and am thankful that we have had three years of happiness, although I have sometimes vexed him with my tongue, which at times, alas! is sharp. Yet he hath never reproached me with this my infirmity, knowing that afterwards I still repent and am sorry."

She had many admirable qualities, not the least of them being that she was wise enough to know how good and great a man was her husband. Some women there are, who if a man love them, cannot, for that very reason, I suppose (knowing how small they are compared with him), believe that he can be in any way great. It is as much as to say that the man who loves a foolish woman, must be himself a fool. Such women know not what now I know, and am glad to know, because it makes me understand many things, namely, that the man doth never love a foolish woman, but rather the divine and perfect image of a woman which he pictures to himself, instead of the real woman. Not that the Countess was a foolish woman at all, but quite the contrary, being, in every respect but one, a wise and prudent woman. She checked her husband's profusion (which was his only fault); she set bounds to his generosity in the matter of giving money constantly to his brother Charles, who was always wanting more; she possessed great dignity of carriage, although little of stature; she was only foolish where all the other women of

the North were foolish, in thinking that because Loyalty is a righteous and godly thing, the Prince's cause would be easily won. Therefore she could not brook the shilly-shally delays of the gentlemen, and long before arms were resolved upon was impatient. In this I blamed her not then, nor do I blame her now; because we only believed what we were told to believe, and could not know—which we had not been told—the true strength of the feelings among all classes as regards a Protestant Succession. In Northumberland one had at least the advantage of knowing that a man may be a Papist and yet may adorn himself with as many personal graces and virtues as any Protestant among us all. Where could be found a man of more unblemished life, more universal benevolence, greater simplicity, temperance, modesty, and honour than Lord Derwentwater himself? Therefore, I say, I blame not the Countess for her zeal, though it precipitated the ruin of her House. Nay, I was as zealous as herself, and thought the throwing down of her fair and courageous action. Let me say nothing but what is good of this unhappy woman, whose afflictions were greater than she could bear. Why I, who never ceased to love my Lord, nor ever shall, and am not shamed to confess it, have long since owned that, with my rustic ways, I could never have hoped to fix his affections after the first strong tide of passion, and to keep them for life as this clever, quick-witted creature, as changeable in her moods as the sky in June, and as sweet to look upon.

It is now sixteen years since she died, and was buried among the English nuns at Louvain; but her spirit hath returned to England, and wanders sadly at night among the woods and ruined gardens of Dilston. Alas! that one born to be so happy should die so wretched.

Enough, for this time, of the talk and thoughts of two fond women. We waited thus: I, at Blanchland, and the Countess, at Dilston, with none about her but old men and women servants from the 6th of October to the 15th of November.

On the evening of that day (which was Wednesday) I was sitting beside the fire, a book in my hand, but my thoughts far away. Certain prognostics of the disaster were already in my mind, though, as always happens, I thought little of them until later, that is to say, my sleep had been disturbed the night before by dreadful and disquieting dreams, but when I awoke in the morning there was left nothing but a confused image as of some horrid monster. Thus the messenger of Heaven came to warn Nebuchadnezzar, but he forgot in the morning everything, save that a strange and terrible dream had come to him. Then, all day long, strange sounds disquieted me. There were omens of bad luck, such as salt-spilling, hearing

unlucky words early in the morning, and so forth, which I afterwards remembered. On Sunday, I had a strange roaring sound in my ears (which may have been the noise of the cannonade at Preston, but I hardly think that possible). On the same day, I opened the Bible at haphazard, and lighted on these terrifying words in the Book of Psalms, which manifestly referred to the overthrow of those who were doing the Lord's work for the rightful Sovereign. "The zeal of thine House hath even eaten me, and the rebukes of them that rebuked thee are fallen upon me." On Monday and Tuesday I was agitated by strange terrors, and on Wednesday morning these returned to me in greater force. In the evening, the house then being quiet and the maids gone to bed, I sat thinking about many things; and first, as we are all selfish creatures, of my hard lot in losing the only man I could ever love, and the melancholy lives of women who miss the happiness of husband and children; next of the strange and tragical fate which still seemed to pursue the Forsters of Bamborough, so that my brother Tom, the last man of the race (not counting poor rustic Jack) was now a fugitive and a rebel who would be exiled, or worse, should the enterprise fail. Surely, I thought, it was time for a change in fortune; the triumph of the business in hand would bring us dignities and rank once more. Next, I remembered the grievous illness of Lady Crewe, of the issue of which I had no knowledge. Here was food enough for sad thoughts.

Now, while I sat, I became aware of footsteps outside, and there was a gentle knock at the window. I was never greatly afraid of robbers and such as break into houses, therefore I hastened to take a candle, and presently unlocked the door and looked out. It had been snowing all day, and the drifts lay deep in the old quadrangle. There was no one in the porch. "Who is there?" I cried loudly.

"Thank Heaven!" replied a voice I knew full well. "It is Miss Dorothy."

There stood before me Mr. Hilyard himself.

"Who is within," he asked, "beside yourself?"

I told him no one except the maids, and they were abed, for it was past nine already.

Still he hesitated, hanging his head, till I bade him sharply shake off the snow from his coat and come in. Cold as it was, he had no cloak or muffler. He obeyed, and with a trembling hand quickly shut and barred the door behind him.

Then I knew, indeed, that something dreadful had happened, and thought of all the forebodings and omens of the last few days.

He followed me into the kitchen, where there was still a good fire burning. Here he threw himself into a chair, and looked at me with white face and quivering lips.

"Miss Dorothy," he began, but burst into sobbing and crying.

"Where is Tom?" I cried. "Is he killed?"

"No," he replied. "No; he is not dead. Better, perhaps, if he had been killed in battle."

"Where is my Lord? Is he dead?"

"No; he is not dead."

He was so white in the cheeks and trembled so much in every limb that I feared he was going to swoon.

"Are you in want of food?" I asked him.

"I had some bread last night," he said. "Since then I have eaten nothing."

"Since Tom and Lord Derwentwater are alive," I said, "tell me no more till you have eaten."

When he had devoured some bread and meat and taken a good draught of ale, he stood up and said solemnly a grace after meat.

"Never yet, had I felt till to-day the force of the prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' Alas! what pangs are endured by those who starve. Save a little bread, finished last night, have I tasted nothing since I escaped from Preston on Monday evening."

"How? Escaped?"

"Miss Dorothy"—his eyes filled with tears—"Alas! my kind mistress, be brave, for the worst hath happened. His Honour General Forster, Lord Derwentwater, Lord Widdrington, all the other gentlemen, and the whole of the insurgent army, have surrendered, and are prisoners of General Willes. The Rebellion, unless the Scots fare better than the English, is at an end. As for his Highness, who hath brought us to this strait, I wish to Heaven he were a prisoner as well."

"Prisoner? Tell me more?"

"I will tell you," he said, "from the beginning, that is from last Saturday. We were at Preston, and in higher spirits than we had been for some time, having received a great accession of the Catholic gentlemen of Lancashire, and their followers. I pretend not to know what was the General's purpose, but it was understood amongst us that we were to march on Saturday morning upon Manchester, his Honour being assured that none of the enemy were within forty miles. You may judge, therefore, of our astonishment when we received orders to prepare for action, for General Willes was upon us, in what force and whether provided with cannon we knew not, so badly were we served by our messengers. And yet I am informed by Mr. Patten, who hath had the ear of his Honour throughout, that he spared neither pains nor cost to be acquainted with all the movements of General Carpenter, knowing nothing of General Willes, who was marching upon us from Wigan, having with him, some say, less than a thousand men, but I know not what his numbers may have been. He was so close to the town, that when the General rode out beyond the bridge with a party of horse he discovered the vanguard of the Dragoons, and had to ride back hastily. And then—I know not how, save by some judicial blindness sent by Heaven—oh! had I been of the Council! There is a passage in Livy—but let that pass. Suffice it is that the greatest, the most fatal mistake was made—oh! how could it escape them all?"

I asked who made the mistake.

"His Honour himself. That is to say, none but the General can be praised or blamed for the conduct of a campaign; but yet I know, having heard it for a truth from Mr. Patten, who hath been mighty civil to me since we started, that in every operation his Honour has been first guided and directed by Colonel Oxbrough, and then thwarted by gentlemen who shall be nameless. I cannot doubt that in the matter of the bridge, he—that is, Colonel Oxbrough—was overruled; nor can I believe that a man who has studied campaigns and been on active service could have neglected so simple an advantage. Know then, Miss Dorothy, that before the town there runs a deep river which must be forded; over the river a bridge; and this side the bridge a deep and narrow lane; it is like the Pass of Thermopylae; it may be defended by a hundred men against an army; nay, by means of this pass, we might have destroyed all the force that General Willes had been able to bring against us. Yet we neglected to defend this bridge. Some say that Brigadier MacIntosh refused to obey the General; I know not if it be true; certainly there is no love between the Scotch and the English officers. It matters not by whose fault; the bridge was left undefended, and the enemy crossed over at their ease, and so came up to the town and prepared for an attack."

He stopped and sighed.

"I never thought," he went on, "that I, a plain Oxford scholar, a man of peace, and of obscure birth, should take my part in a battle, fighting among gentlemen; nor did I look to feel the madness of Mars in my blood. Yet this day shall I never forget, nor the joy of battle spoken of by Homer, and now understood by me. We formed four chief barricades, or barriers, behind which we received the enemy. As for me, I had the honour to be placed

among the Gentlemen Volunteers which defended the barrier below the church, under Brigadier MacIntosh. We were commanded by the Lords Derwentwater, Kenmure, Wintoun, and Nithsdale. As for my Lord and his brother, Mr. Charles, I dare maintain that they set an example to all of us of courage and coolness under fire, being stripped to the waistcoat, and encouraging the men to work at the barriers and to give a warm reception to the enemy. A warm reception we gave them, indeed, and killed, I believe, as many as 120 of them at the first attack. The battle lasted from three o'clock in the afternoon till long into the night. Twice I saw the General—Mr. Tom, I mean—riding up to the barricade, encouraging us to stand firm and fire with precision, freely exposing himself to the enemy's fire. When the night fell the enemy set fire to two or three houses, partly with the design to burn down the whole town, and partly to terrify and dislodge us, and, had there been the least wind, no doubt their horrid project had succeeded. At midnight the enemy withdrew, leaving three hundred and more dead upon the field, while we for our part had lost but seventeen killed and about forty wounded. As for me, I had never a scratch. Yet, in spite of this signal advantage, and the joy of our men, you shall hear how we were all presently undone."

He stopped and fetched another sigh.

"Undone did I say? Yea; ruined and lost beyond hope. Yet we were three thousand strong, and fellows as stout as a General would wish to command.

"All that night the houses blazed and fell, one by one, with a most dreadful roaring of flames, and I think that few of us got much sleep. For my own part I sat, firelock in hand, behind our barrier, wishing that the morning would come, and longing to be at 'em again. This I say not with boastfulness, but to show how quickly even a man of peace may become a man of war. Yet is the man of peace a madman thus to follow the drum. It hath been truly said by Seneca in his book—"

"Never mind Seneca, Mr. Hilyard. For Heaven's sake go on with the story. What happened next?"

"Since you know that we were all taken prisoners, you know Miss Dorothy, pretty nearly as much as I know myself. For, of a truth, I cannot tell with certainty why we laid down our arms. We took a few prisoners, and from one of them, an officer, I learned the strength of the enemy, and that General Carpenter was marching upon us, having with him three regiments of Dragoons. But still we should greatly outnumber them. 'Gentlemen,' cried one of the prisoners, as he was led through our ranks, 'I am your prisoner to-day, but you will all be ours to-morrow.' At which some of us laughed, but I, thinking how the bridge had been neglected, began to consider seriously what this might mean. I say again that I blame not his Honour. Neither as man or boy hath he ever cared for things military, to study the conduct of a siege or the history of a campaign. But I marvel that Colonel Oxbrough, who should have known better, or that Lord Widdrington, who should have been made to hold his tongue, or that Brigadier MacIntosh—but, indeed, there is small profit in wondering.

"Now, in the morning, when we expected, although it was Sunday, that the enemy would either attack us again, or that we should sally forth and attack them, which would have been more to our humour and the purpose, the blood of the men being up, and everybody in good spirits at the yesterday's fighting and heavy losses we had inflicted upon the enemy, no orders came, and we continued at our posts all that morning. There was some firing upon us, but not much, from two or three houses occupied by the enemy. I think it must have been about ten of the clock that a rumour began among us that General Carpenter had arrived, and that the town was invested, and we entirely surrounded. At first that seemed to matter little, because we had beaten them once, and could beat them again were they twice as strong. Next it was whispered that we were short of powder as well as of provisions. What kind of officers are those who lead their men into a fight with no more ammunition than is enough for a single day's fighting, and no more provisions than from day to day can be gathered on the march? Now when I understood this I began to tremble indeed, because it became quite plain to me that we must now either surrender (though nearly three to one, and full of heart) or fight our way out with bayonet, pike, and sword against musket and cannon. I confess, moreover, that I was tempted to follow the example of some of our men, who, on the first suspicion of this desperate position of affairs, scowled off, and made good their escape by a way where as yet none of the Dragoons were posted. It was by a street called Fishergate, which leads to a meadow beside the river, where are two good fords. I know not how many got away, but by one way or another, hiding in the houses and escaped by night, must have been more than a thousand, because sure I am that not half of those who were with us the day before the fight were those who laid down their arms the day after. A happy escape to them. As for those who are taken, what can they look for? Courage, Miss Dorothy, there is time, and something may yet be done. We must not despair. First, there is open always to poor mortals in their worst extremity their appeal to Heaven; it is not fortune alone which destroys armies. Next it must be admitted a noble madness at the worst, which compelled so many gentlemen to go forth on this forlorn hope, so that their speedy discomfiture ought to be a punishment sufficient unto them. Besides, there is the famous passage of Boethius—"

"Oh! Mr. Hilyard, let us not look to Boethius for help. Tell me all, and then let us think what remains to be done."

"Alas! Little is left to tell, and that is bad. On Sunday morning there was held a Council, of which I have heard the substance, though, of course, I was not present. When the time shall come when scholars shall be consulted on every subject, as the Oracles were consulted of old, there will be a school or college of scholars, whose sole business it shall be to advise Ministers, contrive measures, be consulted by Generals, and lay down plans for the general good of the nation. Happy would it have been—I say it not boastfully, but with sorrow—for us all had our commander sought the counsel of the only scholar who was with them. But they knew not—they know not, and do not in their ignorance suspect—that a man who hath read Tacitus, Livy, and Thucydides, to say nothing of Caesar, his Commentaries, Sallust, his history, the great military writer, Vegetius (in the Leyden edition), and the campaigns, with such help as was within his reach, of illustrious Marlborough, could lead their army better than all of them put together. No ammunition, no powder, no provisions; not a map of the country; no spies—and that bridge left undefended! Why, I should have sallied forth to meet the enemy, and struck a blow, before that bridge was abandoned, as would have rung through all England; General Carpenter's turn should have followed next; and then—then—unless the City of London declared for the Prince I should—"

He stopped, gasping, carried away with the imaginary glory of the campaign directed by himself.

"What would you have done then, Mr. Hilyard?"

"I should have dictated terms to King George, and in return for disbanding my forces and sending all home again I would have left him on the throne and accepted a general amnesty."

"What, and desert the Prince?"

"Nothing is of any lasting help for the Prince," he said, "until he hath first turned Protestant. Although they did not consult me, however, I learned that the Council was divided, and no agreement possible; for some thought that, considering our number, which was still greater than that of the enemy, it would be shameful to surrender without another fight, while others thought that enough blood had been shed, and that terms had better be made—such

terms as could be obtained. If there was neither ammunition nor provision, how could a sally be attempted, to say nothing of an escape? And how could we sit down to be starved? Then the town was invested: we were all caught like rats in a trap; if we attempted to fight our way out, we should be shot down as we ran; with other arguments which savoured as much of cowardice as of prudence. His Honour, who presided, listened to all, and looked from one to the other to ask his opinion. The Earl of Derwentwater, with his brother and the Highland officers, were hot for a sally, and for fighting the way out with sword and bayonet when all the powder was gone. 'What!' they cried, 'are we to abandon the enterprise because we are merely threatened? We are invested: that is true; we have little powder: that is true; let us reserve all we have to protect the rear, and cut our way in the darkness through them.' Lord Widdrington, for his part, was strong for capitulation; the rising, he said, was hopeless; the English gentlemen held aloof, or were hostile; the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Lumley, and a great many gentlemen of the North were with General Carpenter; they had been deceived with promises of support, not only from men who at the moment of action refused to come out, but also from the messengers who came and went between London and the North—here he looked at Colonel Oxbrough. Things were bad, but they might be made worse; the business of the Prince could not be advanced by the carnage of his followers; wherefore he was for a capitulation on honourable terms. Then Lord Derwentwater spoke again. He said that he partly agreed with Lord Widdrington; their affairs were hopeless; divided counsels, as well as misrepresentation, had brought them to this pass; yet he, for one, could not think they should capitulate while they still had their swords left. His vote, therefore, was for cutting a way through. Finally, all looked to Colonel Oxbrough, who, in his calm and quiet way, said that as regards misrepresentation, he knew of none, all the business of the Prince being carried on faithfully, as is proper among gentlemen; that he had himself been a messenger, and proved his own loyalty by casting in his lot with them: that, as to the failure in the South and West, and the silence as regards Ireland, he knew no more than any one present; but, as to the present juncture, he was a soldier, and knew how to obey, though against his own judgment; therefore, whatever the opinion of the Council, he was ready to obey again, whether it should be decided to fight or to capitulate. If to fight, many would doubtless meet with the death of a soldier; if to surrender, some would probably be hanged, some beheaded, and some pardoned, and their estates confiscated. 'But,' he added, 'those who die will die for the King, and those who are ruined will be ruined for his sake.'

"Outside, and among us of the rank and file, there was now (seeing that the way of escape by Fishergate Street was at last closed by the Dragoons) only one feeling—namely, that we should fight our way out, and hard things were said of our leaders, who had got us into this trap, out of which there was no escape, although so many roads, so that we were like crabs and lobsters in their wicker-work cages, whereto they can creep with ease, but cannot get out again. Nevertheless, despair and determination would have made a way, I doubt not, for who would not fight if it were certain death to remain and probable death to advance? I know not what may be the clemency of King George, on which they now build so many hopes, but Kings do not use to be merciful towards rebels. However, we were all resolved to fight, and when at length Colonel Oxbrough was sent to treat of a surrender, the common soldiers were told, to keep them quiet, that General Willes had offered honourable terms if we would lay down our arms. The terms which he brought back were, indeed, nothing but what we had a right to expect—namely, that we were to surrender at discretion. This, one must own, was choking to us all, after a victory such as ours. The Colonel brought back this reply, and a second message was sent by Captain Dalzell begging for time, which was granted—namely, until seven o'clock on Monday morning, provided that no more entrenchments were thrown up and that hostages were sent. It was with a heavy heart, indeed, that I saw my Lord Derwentwater, with grave and serious countenance, ride forth with Colonel MacIntosh, as our hostages. For I understood very well that this was but the beginning of the end, and that our vaunted Rising, which was to have been followed by the general voice of the whole nation, had come to a sudden and shameful end. I could not but think of all that this brave young gentleman staked upon the issue of the enterprise: his vast estates, his rank and dignity—even his life: for, though the clemency of the King be extended to all else, can it ever include the Prince's cousin, his playfellow, and his most intimate friend? Alas! I fear that noontide sun of splendour is veiled and eclipsed already! It is reported that when Lord Derwentwater entered the General's tent, he sat down and said with a sigh, that he would rather trust himself to the clemency of King George than return to an army where there was neither wisdom, agreement, obedience, or honesty (thinking of the mischievous jealousies between Englishman and Scot). For clemency, we know not; the smaller folk may hope, but for my Lord, I dare prophesy that he will smile no more upon this earth. And as for the rest of his days, they will be few indeed and full of sorrow. I know not in what reflections my comrades passed Sunday night; but for myself, I meditated continually on the nearness of death, seeing nothing but probable destruction whichever way was chosen. Why, I asked myself, did I make or meddle with the matter? For, though bound in duty to follow his Honour did he order it, I was not bound to volunteer my life in the Cause. Again, I said to myself, though I hoped to show gratitude by being of service, I should have known that as a common soldier I could have no say in the Council—not even private intercourse with the General. Perhaps there were others such as myself; though most seemed insensible to danger, and lay sleeping like logs all the night, and in the morning would have gone forth to fight as cheerfully as to play a bout at quarterstaff. Truly I think that most of our vaunted courage doth proceed from insensibility and lack of imagination, so that the brave soldier who marches straight to the cannon's mouth does so because he cannot think, or picture the future, and would draw back and flinch if he could foresee the agony of his wound and the dreadful pain in which he must die. However this may be, when it became known in the morning that, after all, we were to surrender, and that after what had seemed to us a most glorious and successful action, in which they lost ten times as many men as we, and had at last to retire, the rage and disappointment of the men were terrible to witness. They ran about the streets, calling upon each other to sally forth and force a way out. Had they been led in this attempt, I am very certain that we should have got away, though with heavy loss, and perhaps have gotten in the end much advantage to the Cause. But our officers were too tender for us (if not for themselves), therefore we must needs be hanged, as will doubtless happen to most, or sent to the Plantations, or die of gaol fever—though with regard to his Honour, Miss Dorothy, we must hope for better things. The unfortunate Mr. Patten, poor wretch, will have but short shrift, I fear. I love not the man, yet I confess that his courage in coming out with us, his bravery in the action, and his present constancy under misfortune, have caused me to forgive the past.

"The soldiers ran, I say, this way and that, distracted, and without a leader, for the officers and gentlemen, even those who were loudest to sally forth, kept within, and ventured not out to meet that roaring, maddened mob. One there was among us who ventured to use the word surrender. Him they shot. As for me, having designs of mine own, I bellowed with the rest, and so kept a whole skin.

"Miss Dorothy," he interrupted himself, crying out as if violently

moved, "I maintain and declare that the whole business was conducted so feebly from the very beginning, when they refused to enlist the men who volunteered, to the end, when they would not even keep the bridge or sally forth and attack the enemy, whom we outnumbered by three to one, that his Honour the General was right to bring it to a close. Yes, we might have made a sortie; there were still a few rounds of powder left; we might (some of us) have escaped, and the lives lost would have been counted by hundreds; and afterwards what would have been our lot, but wandering among the mountains and starving on the moors, with death for those taken prisoner, and few indeed winning their way to the Scottish army?" Whereas, now, the Government may show themselves merciful—one knows not to be sure, the fate of Lord Mar; if he be successful for a time—for he cannot, I am sure, in the long run—our prisoners may meet with leniency; if Lord Mar be already defeated, which much I fear, then the fate of the prisoners may be hard. Let us not forget that their leaders gave themselves up, in the hope that the common sort might escape unharmed and free."

It was Tom's good heart and compassionate nature made him listen to the counsels of Lord Widdrington. He gave up himself and his friends to save the poor fellows who had followed them; there was to be no unnecessary bloodshed. I know now that this is not the way in which campaigns should be conducted. Does a Marlborough when he meditates a Blenheim think with pity of the soldiers who will die in carrying out his plans? Tom was not a Marlborough; nor ought he to have been a general. Yet as for his courage, that was abundantly proved; as for his honesty, that was never doubted; as for his military genius, we must look for it in the plans proposed by Colonel Oxbrough, and if we find it not in the history of the Campaign, we must remember that discord prevailed in every Council, where every man regarded himself as equal to the General-in-Chief. The leaders, when there was no hope but in a great carnage, gave themselves up to save the rest. It was nobly done by them. As for King George's clemency, we must look to the heads on Temple Bar, the scaffold on Tower Hill, the shootings and hangings at Liverpool, Warrington, and Preston, the deaths in prison, the confiscated estates, and the long lines of wretches put on board the ships at Liverpool, and sent out to work for the rest of their days, torn from their homes, in the Plantations of Virginia and Jamaica.

Mr. Hilyard went on to finish his narrative.

"In the midst of the confusion, one Mr. Alexander Murray, Lieutenant in Strathmore's Regiment, being a hot-headed youth, and full of indignation against the surrender, made his way to General Forster's quarters, where his Honour sat, in melancholy mood, as might be imagined, and with him one or two gentlemen, and Mr. Patten, his Chaplain. Mr. Murray carried in his hand a pistol, which no one had noticed until he burst into their midst, and crying 'Traitor!' levelled it at Mr. Forster's head, and would most certainly have killed him, but that Mr. Patten struck up the pistol, and the shot went into the ceiling.

"Quite early in the morning, almost before daylight, the dragoons rode in. A trumpet was blown, and all being presently drawn up in the market-place, they were told to lay down their arms, which they did with very rueful faces, and only because they had no more ammunition, and there was no one to lead them. Thus ended our great and glorious Rebellion. I have left at Preston near five hundred English gentlemen and followers and soldiers (where are all the rest—those who promised, but came not; and those who came, but ran away?), and a thousand Scots, of whom a hundred and fifty are noblemen and gentlemen (but at least a thousand must have got away, or gone away, before the fighting began). What they will do with all I know not. My greatest hope is that, seeing they have so many in the net, they may pardon all; but my greatest fear is that, seeing they have both small and great, they may punish all the great, while they suffer the small to go free."

"Then, how is it," I asked, "that you, too, are not a prisoner?"

He laughed, and took another draught of the October.

"When I perceived," he said, "how things were likely to go, I reflected that a free man is certainly more useful than a prisoner; and that, if I could be of any service to his Honour (as the mouse was once of service to the lion), it could only be if I was free. Wherefore, I cast about in my mind for a way of escape. Happily, I remembered that the man in whose house I was billeted, an apothecary by trade, had already professed some kind of friendship for me because of certain recipes, secrets, and ancient mixtures, which, out of my reading in Celsus, and other learned authors, I had been able to impart to him. Therefore, before the proclamation for all to repair to the market-place was issued, I had already awakened my friend from sleep, and communicated to him my plan. It was nothing more than this that, having first shaved my head and chin (one of the marks of our men being a bristly chin), he should give me an old second-hand full-bottomed wig, such as is worn by those apothecaries who wish to pass for learned physicians, and a blue apron, and should put me behind his own counter. This obliging man, for whom I will most certainly transcribe the Roman cure for Podagra as soon as (if ever) I reach home, that is, the Manor House, again, most generously gave me all I wanted. *Nota bene*, he is a bachelor, which made the thing easier, there being no woman in his house to pry and talk, except a deaf old crone. I, therefore, became for the day his apprentice, assistant, or journeyman, serving drugs, mixing medicines, and preparing lotions, emetics, plasters, and other things for the sick men and wounded. You may think that all this time I kept my face so screwed up, that no one, even of our own men (but they were under ward) should know me. Another service the apothecary did for me. Lord Widdrington was ill with the gout; my (supposed) master had to prescribe for him. This would give him, I thought, the chance of speaking a word to his Honour.

"The good man told me that he found his Honour at the Mitre Tavern, where were also all the Lords and some other of the gentlemen, the whole company greatly cast down; that, after giving Lord Widdrington his medicine, he whispered in Mr. Forster's ear (but there were no sentinels in the room to watch or guard the prisoners) that I was in his house, safely bestowed and disguised for the present, and designed to escape on the first opportunity, and that I desired to know if I could be of service to him. To this Mr. Forster replied that he knew not what could be done. 'But,' he said, 'bid Mr. Hilyard, as soon as he safely may, go to Lady Crewe, and inform her exactly of all the circumstances. And tell him to take care of Mistress Dorothy, my sister.'"

Thus in the hour of his greatest humiliation did my brother find a kind thought for me.

"When the night fell," Mr. Hilyard went on, "I made haste to depart, all the more quickly, because my benefactor, the Apothecary, began to be uneasy lest any of the townsfolk should accuse him of harbouring a rebel. By this time the search in the houses was over, and the streets swept clear of our unlucky insurgents, who were all under lock and key, except those lucky enough to get off, like myself. As for the Highlanders and common soldiers they were all clapped into the Parish Church. But because the dragoons were riding up and down stopping and questioning all passengers, I filled a basket with some bottles of physic, and put a little biscuit into my pocket. Thus prepared, and with my apron still tied round me, I sallied forth. Now all the roads were blocked with patrols, but I knew a way, could I reach it, where a lane led to a meadow, and beyond the meadow was a

ford over the river, and beyond the ford open fields. The night was dark, with sleet and rain, which helped me to pass unperceived, though in a great quaking, for, believe me, I had no great confidence in my apron should I be questioned. In a word I got in safety to my lane, ran across the meadow, and through the river, up to the middle in the freezing water, and so into the open country. All that night I walked or ran, and towards morning found a barn, where I lay on soft straw, and slept the day through. And so I made my way here, and am once more, Miss Dorothy, if I be not taken prisoner, hopeful to serve you again."

This was the story which Mr. Hilyard brought to me. When I had heard it throughout I sat awhile as one who is stunned with a blow upon the head, saying nothing, while Mr. Hilyard began to comfort me and himself with illustrations, taken from sacred and ancient history, of misfortunes and reverses to kings and princes, instancing Crassus, Croesus, Polyneutes, Cato, Brutus, Cassius, Hannibal, and many other notable cases, in which fortune proved fickle. Alas! what did the violent death of Cato signify to me, who was in terror for a brother? Presently he ceased talking, and his eyes dropped. He was asleep. This did not show want of feeling, for I remembered that the poor man had been walking for two nights, and was tired out.

I left him sleeping, and went to my own room, where I lay awake all night, thinking what should be done. To all my thinking there came but one gleam of hope. There was the King's clemency. Had I known or suspected the vengeance that would be wreaked upon these unfortunate prisoners there would have been no hope left at all.

(To be continued)



MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY'S "The Way of the World" (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus) commends itself by means of two widely different and only slightly connected plots to at least a double circle of readers. It is at once a romance, and a story of very real and actual life indeed; and yet we are by no means sure that the latter is not in truth the more romantic story of the two. For he has contributed one of the earliest chapters to the chronicles of the veritable contemporary Bohemia of London—not that of Bürger, which has never existed among us, or probably anywhere else, except in fancy, or that of Thackeray, which has nearly become extinct, but that which almost anybody may see for himself, and mix with, if he will, and is not altogether without the few qualities needful to secure admission. Mr. Murray, in "The Way of the World," deals principally with the Fleet Street province, as he has every right to do. "The Way of the World," in one of the several meanings that fully justify the title, is a Society journal, into the mysteries of whose workings we are introduced intimately. It certainly does not represent any existing contemporary; but those who have any share in Mr. Murray's knowledge will scarcely fail to recognise a considerable amount of portraiture, for the most part of a kindly and generous order. His central figure, Mr. William Amelia, however, is a more imaginative creation, and is certainly a remarkable study of the possibilities of human littleness, of the combination of unquestioning selfishness and inordinate vanity with family affection, of mental dulness with practical sharpness, and of all contemptible qualities and defects as important factors in the great art of "getting on." Want of space forbids an analysis of the character which every reader will find the utmost entertainment in making for himself. Mr. Murray evidently delights in the contrasts of human nature; and in the profoundly pathetic portrait of Bolsover Kimberley, the millionaire *malgré lui*, the heroic snob, in all things the carefully constructed opposite of Mr. Amelia, he has done his best and most finished work in this direction. The self-sacrifice of his very sympathetic and charming heroine, Lady Ella, gives an interesting and dramatic foundation for the varied studies of character, covering a remarkable range of types and eccentricities, with which the novel abounds. A taste which failed to find ample food for satisfaction would be strange indeed, whether it prefers being saddened or amused, or else both at once, in that manner of which Mr. Murray has the secret.

Mrs. Campbell Praed is incapable of writing any but a clever novel: but her "Zero: a Story of Monte Carlo" (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall), is decidedly the least clever that she has yet written. No doubt her subject is against her. We expect from her pen vivid and caustic pictures of Australian society, political or otherwise: and, whether her portraiture be just or unjust, generous or ungenerous, she has given us the right to look for interest in persons and things that seem as real as skill and strength can make them. But hundreds have written mere gambling stories with their scenes laid in the Old World, and scores better than she. She knows all about her subject, observes keenly, and writes with florid picturesqueness: but she is, nevertheless, off her proper ground. Her Varuna Fano, with her "sixth sense," her mysterious semi-Jesuit, and so forth, belong to a righteously decaying sort of psychological melodrama. Never capable of exciting sympathy with her characters, she makes them, and especially her women, exceptionally morbid and disagreeable: one and all—though this perhaps is due to its being that of Monte Carlo—seem to breathe, not indeed a vicious, but a tainted air. Of course there are all the stock people—the Russian lady, the Royal personage under sentence of dynamite, and so forth: but these and all the rest, especially the leading characters, seem altogether unreal. Nothing leads to the closing tragedy: and, when it comes, it seems to require the effect of lime light and slow music, as if it were on the stage. The cleverness of the novel consists in its style and in its occasional pieces of outward description, natural and human. Very probably Mrs. Praed had no very clear idea of her story when she set out, and had larger views of what she was going to do in the shape of mystical psychology than the result has warranted. In any case, however, we shall be exceedingly glad to meet her again—but in Australia, and not at Monte Carlo.

"Fancy Free," by Charles Gibbon (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus), is the first and longest of a collection of stories, to which it supplies a common title. Why story or the volumes are so called is hard to say; but a practice is growing of giving tales and novels inappropriate titles which have no connection with anything that follows them, so that a number or a letter of the alphabet would do just as well. The best of the tales is "One of His Inventions"—an entirely original story of an old inventor, who invariably fails, but who engages in the pious fraud of falsely pretending brilliant success for a purpose which the reader will do well to discover unaided. The moral that wealth is by no means the best thing worth having in the world is trite enough; but certainly not so universally acted upon as not to bear a good deal of repetition, especially when put as effectively as by Mr. Gibbon. This story is decidedly clever and amusing. "Fancy Free," on the other hand, which is by far the longer, cannot escape the charge of being commonplace. On the whole, Mr. Gibbon might well have waited to republish his stories until he could gather together a selection of a higher general calibre, as he would assuredly have done in due time.

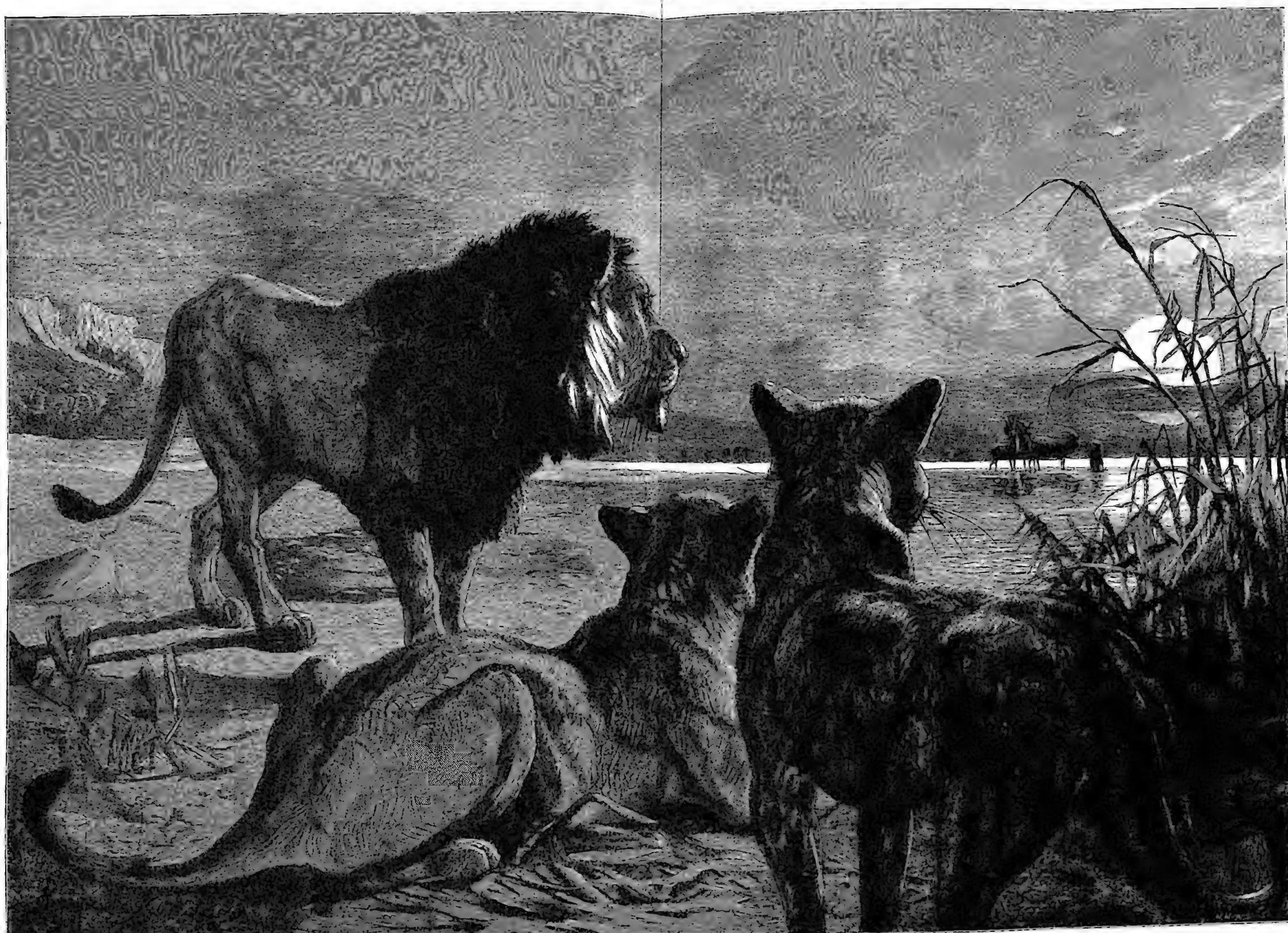


"THE LIFE OF FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE" (Macmillan) has been looked forward to with high anticipations; and if the result is a little disappointing it is because Colonel Maurice has throughout made his father his own interpreter. Lovers of Maurice, who knew the man, or who at any rate know his style, will understand the expressions of humility spoken out of the abundance of one of the noblest hearts that ever beat, and will enter into the paradoxes due to that eagerness to see good on both sides which was the outcome of a singularly sweet nature. Such paradoxes perplex "the general;" and the world of thought has moved on so fast since the days when Maurice was refounding "the Apostles" at Cambridge and battling with Dr. Jelf at King's College, that only thought-students care to analyse them. Such humility can scarcely fail to seem forced and unreal to those who did not know the man; it seemed so even to his contemporary, Dr. Pusey, whose judgment, by the way, was warped by disappointment; for, when Maurice published "Subscription No Bondage," the Tractarians fancied for a moment that they had him as an ally. We wish the book had been thrown into a more popular form; for surely no life better deserves to be widely known and appreciated than that of the undoubted father of the existing school of free-thought in the English Church, the man to whom Kingsley and Coleaso and "Tom Brown" Hughes, and scores more, lay and cleric, owe all that is true and deepest in their Christianity. This singular faculty of impressing others, not seldom men of more flexible if not greater powers than himself, accounts for the malignity which pursued Maurice through life, and which (several reviews of these volumes show) has not ceased with his death. Bigots feel that in traducing him they are befouling the fountain-head. The son of a Unitarian minister, whose respect for others' freedom of opinion must have been sorely tried by the secession into different forms of Calvinism of his wife and daughters, F. D. Maurice went to Cambridge in 1823, hoping to become a barrister, and by and by to enter Parliament. At Trinity one of his lecturers was Julius Hare, who afterwards married one of his sisters; while among his intimates were Sterling, J. S. Mill, Archbishop Trench, the Laureate, &c. In 1826 he passed in Civil Law, eschewing the ordinary University degree examination. Coming up to London, he edited the *Athenaeum*, and wrote largely in the *Westminster Review* and the *London Literary Chronicle*, working also at his one novel, "Eustace Conway." This novel expresses the growth of feelings which at last prompted him to enter again a University, but this time at Oxford, and with the view of taking Holy Orders. His father had ruined himself with Spanish bonds; but the kind consideration of Dr. Jacobson (since Bishop of Chester) helped him through his money difficulties, and he was ordained to the sole charge of Bubbenhall, near Leamington, six months after Keble, by his Assize sermon on "National Apostasy," had started the Oxford movement. It stamps the man whose father, most tolerant of all human beings, once said at a public meeting: "Toleration! I hate toleration" (meaning that contempt towards those we tolerate which is itself intolerance), that about this time he astonished his friend Acland by saying he looked on Subscription as a defence of liberty. Exchanging Bubbenhall for the Chaplaincy of Guy's, and by and by being appointed Chaplain at Lincoln's Inn and Theological Professor at King's College, he soon after became the life and soul of the co-operative movement and of Christian Socialism, as well as of that effort to give women a higher education which began with Queen's College, Harley Street. In 1853 were published the "Theological Essays," his explanation in which of the phrase "eternal death" led to his expulsion from King's College. Those who have seen Church dignitaries going much further in this direction than Maurice dreamt of doing will wonder at a narrowness against which there was no safeguard till the Privy Council, in 1864, reversed Dr. Lushington's judgment about "Essays and Reviews." One of Maurice's most powerful letters is that to the *Times*, called forth by the Declaration of Faith which Dr. Pusey and the *Record* combined to force on the whole body of the clergy. Two years after, the ex-Professor at King's College, who had for some time been incumbent of St. Peter's, Vere Street, was made Knightsbridge Professor at Cambridge, where, being also by and by appointed Rector of St. Edward, he spent the last years of his life in society, the congeniality of which made up for the absence of anything like adequate preferment. Colonel Maurice has done well in preserving letters which (like those proposing to resign Vere Street, because Bishop Colenso had published his "Pentateuch") are necessary to give us a full notion of the man. But another Life, for which these volumes contain the materials, must be written—a Life which shall appeal to the working men whom he so deeply and widely influenced, as well as to those who are able to argue out such questions as his controversy with Dean Mansel. The sole thing one would wish changed in Maurice is his treatment of the late Bishop of Natal. Here he, usually so willing to assume in others an orthodoxy which they did not claim (see Vol. I, 414, about the Unitarian, Mr. Sherer: "I could see he was resting and rejoicing in the Trinity, despite his education"), showed less than the kindness which might have been fairly expected towards one who looked on him as the father of his soul. Colonel Maurice's brief narrative is well told, especially the introduction, in which, in a few lucid paragraphs, he sets forth the often misunderstood position of the English (Socinianising) Presbyterians."

The eighth volume of Mr. Gardiner's "History of England from 1603 to 1642" (Longmans) takes us to the publishing of "the large declaration" in which, in 1639, Charles set forth the misdeeds of the Scots. This edition contains some new matter about the Government of Ireland by Grandison and Falkland, Wentworth's immediate predecessors. The volume shows the same patient research and judicial fairness which marks its predecessors; the account of Wentworth in Ireland is specially instructive. History repeats itself in the sister island more unvaryingly even than elsewhere.

"*Olde Ffrendes Wyth Newe Faces*" (Field and Tuer, London; Scribner and Walford, New York) is to our mind a great improvement on anything that Mr. Crawhall has yet published. The toned paper, old type, &c., are the same as before; but there is a vast deal more satire thrown into the "suitable sculptures." The letterpress, too, is more interesting than that of "Chapbook Chaplets." The history of Andrew Robinson Stoney Bowes, the original of Thackeray's very malicious "Barry Lyndon, Esquire, of the Kingdom of Ireland," is matched with "The Life of John Cunningham," and "A True Relation of the Apparition of Mrs. Veal," &c. Those who liked the "Chaplet" may reckon on being much better pleased with "Olde Ffrendes."

Now that all eyes are turned towards Khartoum, Mr. Archibald Forbes's "Chinese Gordon" (Routledge) will, of course, be read with deep interest. The book is a compilation from S. A. Wilson's "Ever Victorious Army," Mr. Birkbeck Hill's "Gordon in Central Africa," and Mr. Hake's book lately reviewed in these columns. The compiler's name is warrant that his work is adequately and clearly done. It is just the handy book that everybody has been wishing for.



"CHILDREN OF THE DESERT"

The seventh part of the Rev. J. Stormonth's "Dictionary of the English Language" (Blackwood) takes us half through P. The third volume of the "Encyclopedic Dictionary" (Cassell and Co.) ends with the word "Gloster," and its scrupulous completeness may be judged of from its admitting a word like "glossic," "the epithet given by Mr. A. J. Ellis to his phonetic system," which surely might have been left to its inventor. We have already said that Mr. Stormonth's dictionary gives no references; on the other hand, it is very rich in scientific terms, in terms used in art, and in slang and provincial words. To equal completeness in all these respects Messrs. Cassell's book adds references for all the principal words, and gives in many cases Crabb's not very lucid distinctions of synonymous. One of the references leads to a possible misunderstanding. The *promptorium parvolorum* gives "Gloryn or befoylin, maculo, deturpo," which apparently leads Messrs. Cassell's encyclopedist to forget that the word is a participle, and to explain it as "to defile, to make dirty."

We do not know the principle of selection on which "Some Public Schools: Their Cost and Scholarships" (Sampson Low) have been chosen to the exclusion of others at least as much entitled to the name. Oundle, for instance, is only one of many which surely have as good a right to be called Public as Dover or Derby. One understands why Uppingham is taken and Oakham left, from the old saying that when one of those twin schools is up the other is always down. But since scholarships are taken account of, why give Hereford, and not Lucton, which still preserves some of its old endowments? Still, for those who care to be guided by Messrs. Feilden and Heard, the book will be useful. These gentlemen have a preparatory school, which, of course, gives them scope for testing the relative merits of more advanced schools.

We shall never have done with surprises in comparative folk-lore; Who would have expected to find Petronius's "Ephesian Widow," that most famous of Milesian tales, which was versified by La Fontaine, and wittily parodied by Voltaire in Zadig, reproduced with comparatively little alteration in "La Matrone du Pays de Soung" (Paris: Lahure)? What alteration there is is much in favour of the Chinese version. As the mediæval *fableau* in the "Roman des Sept Sages" is far the coarsest, so the Chinese is the most refined of any of the forms in which this story has been told. M. Legrand, in his preface, inclines to the notion that its appearance in China is a simple case of transmission, declining to class it with the folk-lore which has been independently evolved in different parts of the world. It was popular in Rome in Nero's day; a *bas-relief* representing it has been found in the ruins of his palace. The companion tale, "Les Deux Jumelles," ought to give a fillip to competitive examination. A wise mandarin adjudged the twins, who were paragons of beauty, to be joint wives of a happy senior wrangler, Tsi-tsin. The illustrations (coloured) are deliciously Chinese, and the print and paper admirable. The book is the third of a series, of which the first gained in 1882 the only prize for books at the Exposition des Arts Décoratifs. We hope M. Lahure may be encouraged to give us more of these beautifully got-up volumes.

M. Philippe Daryl has lived ten years in this country, and therefore "Public Life in England" (Routledge) is free from most of the wild blunders which his countrymen make when they treat of our insular matters. He knows all about the Bidding Prayer; he does not talk of Sir Peelor Hig Lif; nor does he put the Lord Mayor just a hair's breadth below the level of Royalty. For those who care "to see theirsel' as others see them," the contributions of a clever writer to a good paper (*Le Temps*) cannot but be interesting. We heartily recommend the book; though, if any one can get it in the original, he will be spared the pain of a good deal of French-English. For instance, My Lord, even supposing that, when summoned by a policeman, he sends his servant to say he is ill, does not "offer all possible cautions"? Whether M. Daryl is right or wrong in thinking that "the trail of the feudal serpent is over all this land of privilege and inequality," he makes some shrewd remarks on the unfairness of local taxation. What he says about the theatre is also very good indeed, though most of us think we get on better without the French plan of subsidising.

Of minor books, "The Cattle Fields in the Far West," by J. S. Tait (Blackwood), will prove valuable to all who intend to invest in, or embark upon, one of the most flourishing industries in the New World.—"The History of a Lump of Iron" is one of those useful manuals which teach children, and, indeed, grown-up persons, so much technical knowledge in an amusing way. It is clearly written by Mr. Alexander Watt, and published by A. Johnston.—Mr. Edward Stanford sends us an interesting little volume on "Express Trains," by E. Foxwell, full of chatty information, and abounding with statistics.—"London Birds and London Insects," by T. Diby Pigott (Harrison and Sons), is well worth reading by Londoners, few of whom are aware of the wealth of natural history lore which lies unexplored in the parks and gardens of our metropolis.—From the Sunday School Union come two exceedingly useful works, both for Sunday School teachers and Bible students:—"Outline Lessons for Junior Classes on the Life of Our Lord," by Annie B.—, and "The Biblical Treasury," an illustrative companion to the Bible, Vol. I.—Genesis.—Messrs. Field and Tuer send us two more of their shilling publications from "Ye Leadenhalle Presse," "Decently and in Order"—hints on the performance of the "Order for Morning and Evening Prayer," with brief notices of mistakes which commonly occur, by "A Clergyman," and "Journalistic Jumbles; or, Trippings in Type," an amusing essay on typographical and grammatical errors, by Frederic Conde Williams.

First in the field of that long array of guide-books which the early months of the year always produce, is the eighth edition of Black's "Touraine, with Normandy and Brittany," an admirable guide, illustrated and well provided with maps, which all intending visitors to Northern France would do well to consult. Messrs. P. K. Klein and Son send us Book II. of the "Continental Tourist." There, for the small sum of sixpence, the intending traveller to France, Italy, Spain, or Portugal can find a wealth of information regarding the different routes, brief descriptions of the chief towns, and the times of the principal trains. Mr. Herbert Fry has forwarded us a new edition of "London in 1884" (W. H. Allen and Co.). It is illustrated by eighteen admirable bird's-eye views of the principal streets, two of which are new, and is altogether a most valuable handbook to the metropolis. Messrs. Low send us a reprint of Mr. Clark Russell's articles in the *Daily Telegraph* on the "English Channel Ports," written in that lively but straightforward strain which is so characteristic of Mr. Russell; and also "The Sea, the River, and the Creek," a series of chatty sketches of our eastern coast, by Garboard Streyke, the sort of literature to read while sunning on the beach during a seaside holiday. "A Visit to the Isle of Wight, by Two Wights," by John Bridge (Wyman), is of the same *genus*, only unmercifully full of puns. Finally, we should acknowledge Part I. of the "Illustrated Dictionary of Gardening" (Upcott Gill), which promises to be a useful work to both amateur and professional horticulturists.

"The Victorian Weather Tables for 1883" have reached us, prepared, with his usual accuracy, by Mr. R. L. J. Ellery, the Government Astronomer. As proof of the mildness of the winter in Melbourne, it may be observed that only on one day did the thermometer fail to reach a maximum of 50°. On the other hand, during the summer, it rose thirty-seven times above 80°, fourteen times above 90°, and four times above 100°. During the remaining 309 days the temperature during the daytime (for the nights are often chilly) may be described as neither unpleasantly hot nor cold.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

"A SEQUENCE OF SONGS," by the author of "The Golden Fence" (Triebner), is a collection of fairly musical lyrics lamenting the fall of South Carolina; they may very likely have been locally popular at the time, but are out of date, and lack general interest. From the same publishers, and by the same author, comes a little prose tale, rather dull and of a semi-religious tendency, entitled "A Hero's Last Days; or Nepenthe."

"Poems," by Patty Honeywood (Kegan Paul), is a little volume, probably intended chiefly for private circulation, and dedicated by permission to Lord Wolseley. We should advise the author to be more careful in the matter of grammar; such forms as "cometh clouds" and "as thought it was weeping" are startling. There is a certain amount of homely pathos about "Sweet Bessie of the Vale;" "Yule-tide" is a fairly-written carol, and the tone of the whole is sincerely pious, but slightly depressing. One wonders what would be the attitude of these writers of verse who are always professing to wish for death, were their wish to be suddenly granted. Probably much the same as *Æsop's* woodcutter.

A decidedly clever, if somewhat unequal, contribution to poetic literature is "Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature," by William Watson (Liverpool: Gilbert G. Walmsley). The author is a keen observer, a shrewd thinker, and possessed of considerable metrical talent. Amongst the best are "The Poet" (No. 3), "Melancolia" (No. 9), "To Edward Dowden" (No. 31), and "Darwinism" (No. 66). But the following struck us especially:—

Our lithe thoughts gambol close to God's abyss,
Children whose home is by the precipice,
Fear not thy little ones shall o'er it fall,
Solid, though viewless, is the girdling wall.

Whilst applauding the anti-Republican sentiments embodied in "Two Gallian Laments, and Some Verses," by E. St. John Brenon (Reeves and Turner), we find it impossible to award the volume much praise, looking at it from a poetical point of view. The author is a violent Bonapartist, and no doubt many will sympathise with his lament for the late Emperor; but it must be confessed that in places, as for instance at page 25, he shows a tendency to confound eloquence with bombast. His verse would be better if he took the trouble to polish it, and would abstain from such attempts at rhyme as "full"—"unspeakable." Neither is he invariably happy in his metaphor:—

Thy spouse, O France, hath clasped the lurid lips
Of Death,

reminds one of Lord Castlereagh's rat, which was "brewing in the approaching storm." And what on earth is a "drude"? We have honestly, but vainly, tried to understand the entire passage of which page 61 may be taken as a fair sample; perhaps Mr. St. John Brenon knows what he meant, or, perhaps, according to Kant's famous asseveration, the meaning is now known only to a Higher Power.

"The Daisy-Chain," poems and translations, by Baroness Swift, is dedicated by permission to Queen Marguerite, and prefaced by the photograph of a very charming lady. The contents, some of which have appeared in magazines, are up to about the usual standard of such verse.

NOTE.—In reviewing the "White Africans" (Tinsley Bros.) in our issue of April 12th, we said, "It seems to be meant as an elaborate plea for polygamy." To this the author replies that "it was not the intention of the poem to advocate polygamy in the abstract, but to protest against the cruelty of compelling African and Asiatic chiefs, who had already more than one wife, to make choice between one of the two alternatives, either to act as unfeeling cowards (contrary, too, to the command of the Founder of Christianity) by forsaking and dishonouring all their wives but one, or else to reject Christianity and all its hopes. The nobler natures among them must take this latter course; and, consequently, Christianity makes no satisfactory advance in Asia or Africa."

THE IMPROVEMENTS AT HYDE PARK CORNER, PICCADILLY

WHENEVER one hears or reads of some "improvement" in the metropolis, which is either proposed, in progress, or actually carried out, a kind of misgiving takes possession of the mind, and a foreboding that there will be something wrong about it, at any rate from an artistic point of view. One is inclined to say, "Is this going to be another failure?" It is, as we know, an Englishman's privilege and delight to grumble, and many of the works executed in London during the past few years have certainly exercised his favourite occupation. The silly mismanagement which has prevented the sites upon the Thames Embankment being utilised for public buildings, and has thus lost to us the grandest opportunity of really beautifying our city which has occurred since the Great Fire, must certainly make a grumbler lively. Our noble Palace of Justice, buried up and rammed into the most crowded part of the town, so hemmed in and squeezed for space that its vaulted corridors never see the light of day, when, fifty yards off, was an unlimited site ready at hand, is another matter of sincere congratulation to the grumbler; if he wants to be rendered still more happy, a glance at Trafalgar Square, or Victoria Street, Westminster, will, we fancy, offer food to his mind of the most desirable description; if he is not sufficiently ill-tempered, a glimpse of the Record Office, with its neat surroundings in Fetter Lane, will perhaps complete his dissatisfaction.

Much has been said and written about the alterations just carried out at Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly. Let us for a moment recall the appearance of the place before the recent improvements, and compare it with what we now actually see. One of the finest architectural groups in London was formed by the Triumphal Arches erected at Hyde Park Corner by Decimus Burton. This was of all the approaches to London perhaps the most striking, the long vista of Piccadilly seen between the Triumphal Arches, the light and beautiful Ionic screen on the left, and the solid Corinthian gateway on the right, was particularly satisfactory, and gave an idea of grandeur greatly wanting to most of the main thoroughfares which enter the metropolis from the suburbs. From whatever point of view these gateways were seen they looked thoroughly well, and were singularly well suited to one another. The large and solid Triumphal Arch formed an excellent contrast to the delicate colonnade opposite to it, and the effect of the two together when seen from the Park gave one a better idea of the effect of pure classical architecture than any other building or group of buildings in London. They were, moreover, particularly adapted to the site, and were evidently most carefully designed to stand in juxtaposition. Now the whole effect of this is lost, and the group no longer exists. The two buildings which were so fine when seen in combination suffer greatly when viewed separately. The great Triumphal Arch is now placed in such a position that it seems to lead nowhere, and belongs to nothing. It is out of gear with everything else, and askew to every other building or street. In front of it is a dreary waste, a kind of "Tom Tiddler's Ground," cut up into triangular divisions, which will in time become the depositories of dust, waste paper, straw, and dead leaves. This area is too exposed and unprotected to be converted into flower-beds, and too much cut up and subdivided to be effectively treated as grass plots. We hear that a fountain or two are to be amongst the artistic embellishments of this spot. Now, if there is one thing more than another of which

we have a lively horror it is an English fountain; it is generally a sloopy, muddy, slimy, drabble-tail abomination—a receptacle for orange-peel, rotten apples, old rags, and filth of every description. It rarely runs where it ought to run, and always runs where it ought not to run. It is sometimes dry in the Dog Days, and particularly lively in cold rainy February, where one wishes the thing a thousand miles away, and would be glad to see it replaced by a good bonfire. Whatever is done on this spot, spare us from fountains!

The gateway itself seems to be down in a hole, and has the appearance of being pushed back until one of its corners having come in contact with the root of a tree, or some other obstruction, it has been abandoned, and left standing all askew. One of the most delightful nooks of the Green Park, with its charming trees and shrubberies, has been converted into a desert of flagstones, and its condition brings to mind the words of Jeremiah:—"He hath enclosed my ways with hewn stone: he hath made my paths crooked." Some alteration was undoubtedly necessary at Hyde Park Corner to remedy the congestion of traffic, which was a most intolerable nuisance, and the idea of a road running obliquely from Piccadilly to Grosvenor Place was one way out of the difficulty, but why pull down Decimus Burton's arch? Why not have left it standing upon the before-mentioned Tom Tiddler's ground, with the new road passing behind it? There would have been great advantages in this plan. It would have saved expense, and we should not have had that white elephant, Wyatt's statue, to provide for, which was at any rate out of the way on the top of Burton's arch, and certainly looked better there than it will anywhere else.

It is, however, of little use lamenting over what has been done and cannot now be undone. The public must, however, insist that the alterations shall end here, and that Decimus Burton's other great work shall not be interfered with. We refer to the entrance to Hyde Park from Piccadilly, a most beautiful architectural work, though one greatly undervalued by the Englishmen who pass through it, or by it, every day. Foreigners thoroughly appreciate it, and French architects and sculptors regard it as one of the architectural gems of London. It is certainly the best example of pure Greek architecture in the metropolis. The delicately fluted Ionic columns and beautifully-sculptured friezes (the latter have been attributed to Flaxman, and if not his work, they are worthy of him), the general sense of proportion and elegance, render it one of the most charming monumental structures of modern times.

It is singular that people go into raptures about the "Marble Arch," which is a miserable piece of design, and only remarkable for its material and enormous cost of 90,000*l.*, yet scarcely ever deign to notice the beautiful Piccadilly entrance; we feel sure that, if our readers will carefully examine the latter, they will be astonished at the elegance and grace of its proportions and the exquisite carvings of its friezes. Strangely enough this entrance to Hyde Park has never received a name, and in speaking of it we are obliged to describe its situation; the Germans would have seized the opportunity of compounding a grand polysyllabic word, and would have delighted in the "Hydeparkcornerpiccadillyentrancegate." But our language requires short and terse names for things and places, and we would suggest that it might be called "Duke's Gate." Having two "Hyde Park Corners" is also a decided inconvenience, and greatly puzzles foreigners, and even native visitors to the metropolis. This might easily be avoided by giving a name to one or the other. Now, when Hyde Park Corner is mentioned, one has always to ask the question, "Do you mean Hyde Park Corner, Oxford Street, or Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly?" As both places possess many historical recollections, it is strange that neither should have received an appropriate name.

II. W.B.



MESSRS. REID BROTHERS.—In time to prepare for the Midsummer holidays, "The Legend of Lampetia," a cantata for treble voices, written and composed by Ernest J. Eagleman and Ernest Fowles, will prove very welcome to the heads of colleges and schools. The plot is on a classical subject. Lampetia and Phœtusa are guarding their father's flocks on a certain island in Sicily, when Ulysses and his companions arrive, and the latter, in spite of the threats and entreaties of their chief, carry off some of the sheep and eat them. They are, however, punished for their sacrilegious theft, for a storm arises, and all on board perish, with the exception of Ulysses, who saves himself on a broken piece of mast. There are three principal characters, soprano, mezzo-soprano, and contralto, and a chorus *ad libitum* of shepherdesses, spirits, and rustics. The music is fresh and original, well scored, and not difficult. We can conscientiously commend this cantata to the notice of our readers who are in search of something new.—A pretty ballad, of medium compass, is "Good Night, Good-Bye," written and composed by E. Friend.—A trifle more ambitious, but equally pleasing, is "Nighthall;" the words by G. J. Whyte-Melville, music by E. M. Machell; published in C and in D.—A song for a gallant soldier is "If I Were a Knight of the Olden Time," written by G. C., composed by F. Harper; whilst, for a sailor, "The Lead Strikes English Ground," written and composed by J. M. Emerson and Barry M. Gilholly, will win favour. Both these songs are well calculated to win applause at a Musical Reading or People's Concert.—A showy and easy pianoforte piece for the drawing-room is "Return of the Brave," a March Triumphal, by W. F. S., who need not be ashamed to sign it with his name, as there is sterling merit in it.—"Deuxième Tarantelle," for the piano, by Josef Trousselle, is brilliant and effective.—The popular ballad, "Our Jack's Come Home To-Day," has been neatly arranged for the pianoforte by W. Smallwood.—"Homeward-Bound Quadrilles," by W. G. Eaton, are a collection of popular nautical songs fairly well strung together.

MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—From this firm come a number of songs and pieces from the opera of *Nell Gwynne*, by Messrs. H. B. Farnie and R. Planquette, which, by the way, may be played or sung in public without any fee or irksome restriction. There are eight of the leading songs which are more or less pleasing and popular. Sidney Smith has arranged the favourite themes therefrom in a moderately difficult form; Charles Coote has arranged "Only an Orange Girl" as a danceable Polka, also a set of Quadrilles; whilst from Liddell come a "Waltz, a Galop, and a Set of Lancers," all very good specimens of dance music: thus the opera has been well exhausted.

MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—“The Pilgrim's Progress” (founded on Bunyan's famous allegory), a sacred cantata, the words selected and arranged by H. Bertha Rogers, the music composed by Edmund Rogers, will prove a useful addition to the *répertoire* of a choral society. It is not only arranged with a pianoforte accompaniment, but also scored for an orchestra.—“Six Duets for Teacher and Pupil on Airs of Southern Nations,” arranged and harmonised by Myles B. Foster, will give great satisfaction in the school-room, on account of their tunefulness and freedom from difficulty.

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"Insidious, undermining foes, begone!"
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"Remove the Cause

THE CORPORATION OF LONDON

An Illustrated History in Three Parts—Part III.

BY H. W. BREWER

CLOSELY CONNECTED with the history of the Corporation are an ancient mansion and a still more venerable church. The mansion is Crosby Hall; and the church is dedicated to St. Helen, the mother of Constantine.

CROSBY HALL

Is without doubt the most interesting historical house in the City. This noble old mansion, of which the Banqueting Hall, the Council Chamber, the State Reception Room, and the Throne Room alone remain, was commenced in 1466 by Sir John Crosby, Alderman, Warden of the Grocers' Company, Mayor, of the Staple of Calais, Grocer and Woolstapler. It formerly had a frontage towards Bishopsgate Street; of 110 feet of this, however, one solitary gable now exists. It was described as being the "highest and fairest house in the City;" which shows that London houses in the Middle Ages were not so lofty as those in Continental cities. Many a house in Nuremberg, Lubeck, or Augsburg is double the height of Crosby Hall. In 1476 Crosby Place was sold by Lady Crosby to Richard Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., and it was in this very house that many of his abominable schemes for obtaining the Crown were hatched. Shakespeare has immortalised Crosby Hall by his allusions to it in *Richard III.* The first mention of Crosby Hall is in Act I., Scene 2, where Richard is making love to Lady Anne, widow of Edward Prince of Wales. After persuading her to accept his ring, Richard says :

Look how this ring encompasseth thy finger:
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart.
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

ANNE : What is it?
GLO. : That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to *Crosby Place*.

The second allusion to Crosby Hall is in the same act (Act I. Scene 3), where Richard gives the two murderers the warrant for the assassination of Clarence, and tells them : "When you have done, repair to *Crosby Place*." The third mention of Crosby Hall is in Act III. Scene 1. It is where Richard and Buckingham have

sent Catesby to attempt to gain over the unfortunate Hastings. Richard tells Catesby to communicate with them. "At Crosby Place you shall find us both." It is supposed by some writers that the Lord Mayor and a deputation of the citizens offered the Crown

however, soon ceased to be a Royal residence, and was for many years the residence of the Lord Mayor.

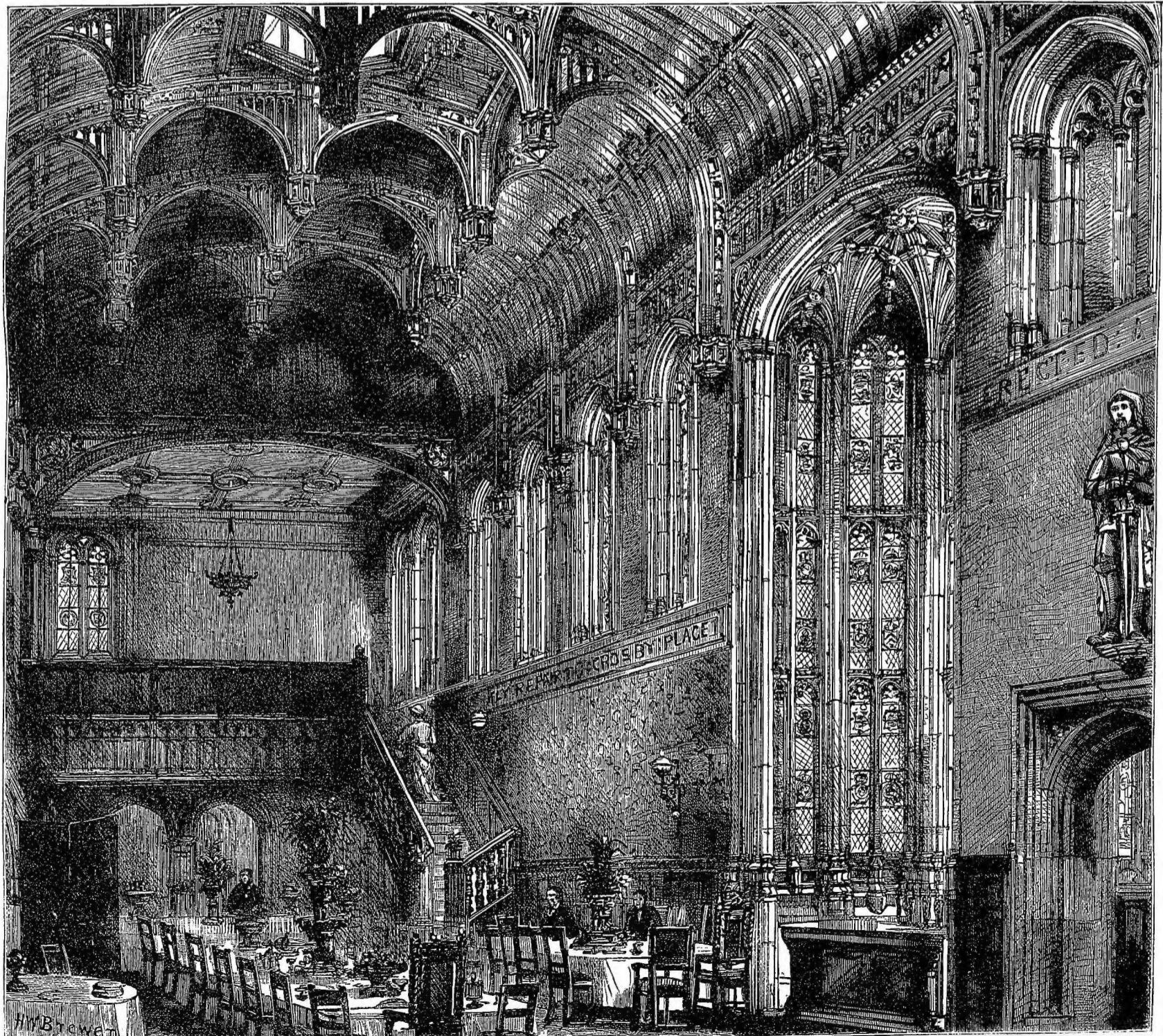
Amongst the Lord Mayors who have made Crosby Hall memorable may be mentioned Sir Bartholomew Reade, Lord Mayor in 1502, who entertained the Ambassadors sent over from Maximilian, Emperor of Germany; and Sir John Rest, Lord Mayor in 1516, who is known as having provided the most wonderful "Lord Mayor's Show" on record. It contained "Four giants, one unicorn, one dromedary, one camel, one ass, one dragon, six hobby-horses, and sixteen naked boys!" Notwithstanding this grand show, the Mayoralty of Sir John Rest has received a painful notoriety from the rising in the City, known as "The evil May-day." It was a brutal and unprovoked attack by the London apprentices upon the foreign merchants and artisans in the City. For this rising the ringleaders were executed, and the rest who were taken were led, with halters round their necks, to Westminster, where they were pardoned, chiefly through the intercession of Cardinal Wolsey.

Crosby Hall again passed out of the hands of the Lord Mayors, into the possession of one of the greatest of London's citizens, the famous Sir Thomas More, who came to live here in 1516. A momentous year for this great man; for it is the date of the completion and publication of his "Utopia," and it was in Crosby Hall that More must have inspected and corrected the proof-sheets of this most exquisitely-refined satire upon the morals and manners of his time. There is a vein of irony running through the whole work, a quiet wit, which calls forth a smile but never a laugh, and makes one often wonder whether More is in jest or in earnest,—there is so much painful earnestness in his jests, and his seriousness so frequently contains some sarcastic allusion to his own times. We cannot refrain from giving one quotation from the "Utopia :" it has reference to the use of hired foreign soldiers. Speaking of the mercenaries employed by the Utopians (evidently in allusion to the Swiss employed by England and France), he says : "Born only for war, which they watch all opportunities of engaging in, they embrace it eagerly when offered, and are ready to serve any Prince that will hire them in great numbers; they know none of the arts of life, except how to take it away; they serve their employers actively and faithfully, but they will bind themselves to no certain terms, and only agree on condition that the next day



SIR THOMAS MORE

to Richard in the Great Hall of Crosby Place; and it is pretty certain that Richard III. still used Crosby Place after he was proclaimed King, and this may account for the beautiful chamber upon the upper floor being called "the Throne Room." Crosby Hall,

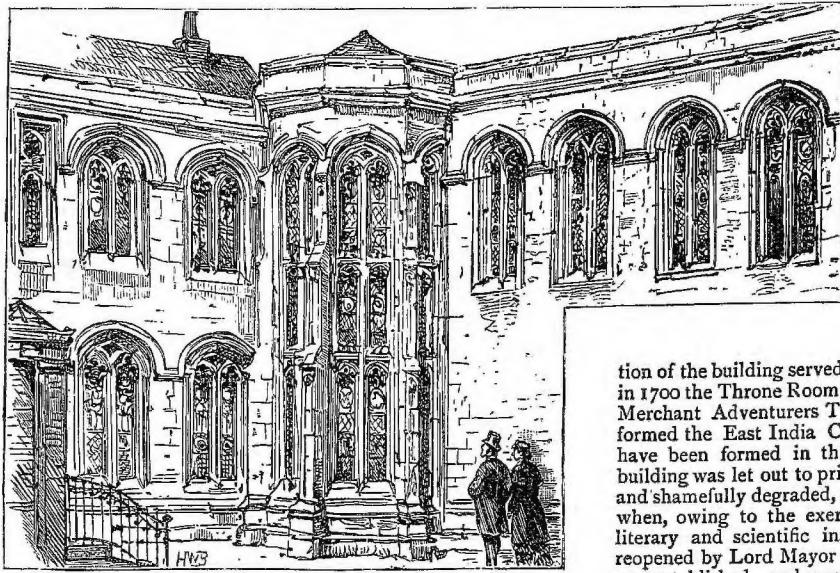


THE BANQUETING-HALL, CROSBY HALL

they shall go over to the enemy if he promises larger pay, and veer back again the day after at a higher bidding. As war rarely arises in which a great part of them are not enlisted on both sides, it often happens that kinsmen and most intimate friends, hired from the same cantons, find themselves opposed, engage, and kill one another regardless of these ties, for no other consideration than that they have been hired to do so for a miserable pay by princes of opposite interests; and they are so nice in demanding it that they will

adventures, the "City Sindbad." He made some additions to the house, one of which, from the description, would appear to have been a clock turret. In 1594 Sir John Spencer, "the rich Lord Mayor," purchased it. Here he entertained Queen Elizabeth. For a time it was tenanted by the Dowager Countess of Pembroke, "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," celebrated by Ben Jonson. It is presumed that both Shakespeare and Ben Jonson were visitors at this house during the time that it was occupied by this illustrious lady. It next passed into the hands of Lord Compton, son-in-law of Spencer, the Lord Mayor. The son was killed while fighting in the cause of Charles I., at Hopton Heath, in 1642. From this time the fortunes of the grand mansion seem to have declined. It was in 1642 converted into a prison for Royalists.

Most of the private apartments were destroyed by the Fire of London in 1666, which reduced it to the portion now remaining. In 1672 the great hall was converted into a Presbyterian place of worship, and served that purpose for ninety-seven years. In 1674 the surrounding houses were again burnt down, but the ancient building a second time escaped. It appears that in 1678 a portion of the building served the purposes of a General Post Office, and in 1700 the Throne Room and Council Chamber were occupied by the Merchant Adventurers Traders to the East Indies, who afterwards formed the East India Company, in fact, the Company itself may have been formed in this ancient mansion. In 1769 the whole building was let out to private individuals, cut up into compartments, and shamefully degraded, and in this condition it remained until 1831, when, owing to the exertions of Miss Hackett, it was bought as a literary and scientific institution, and after being restored was reopened by Lord Mayor Copeland in 1836. A good reading library was established, and excellent concerts of a very high class were given in the Great Hall. But, unfortunately, the exodus from the City brought these good times to an end, and the building was again let out for "business purposes" in 1860. It has, however, been fortunately rescued by being converted into a grand restaurant, and the Great Hall at the present assumes very much its original appear-



CROSBY HALL FROM THE COURTYARD

change sides for the advance of a halfpenny. . . . They serve the Utopians against all the world, for they are the best paymasters. And as the Utopians look out for good men for their own use at home, they employ the greatest scoundrels abroad; and think they do a great service to mankind by thus ridding the world of the entire scum of such a foul and nefarious population! Some writers maintains that More intended his Utopia as a "Model Republic;" and intended to advocate "a Republican form of Government." Certainly, More does not seem to have entertained any very high estimation of the only Republican nation existing in Europe in his own day! In other parts of the work the Utopians are represented as possessing the highest virtues and noblest mental qualifications. Perhaps, in describing a citizen of Utopia, More has, without knowing it, given us his own portrait.

A recent historical writer says: "No philosopher ever exemplified his own precepts more perfectly than More. And if we may accept the repeated and uniform assurances of his contemporaries—if the respect and affection of all his household, who accompanied him even to the scaffold, be any test—his own practice must have been the noblest proof of the sound wisdom of his theory. Englishmen and strangers admitted to his acquaintance testify to the peace, purity, love, courtesy, and refinement that reigned supreme in his family—far more Utopian, when compared with what is known of the private lives of his contemporaries, than any household in Utopia itself." It has been stated that Erasmus visited More at Crosby Hall, but this can scarcely be the case, because Erasmus visited More in 1509, whereas More did not come to live at "Crosby Place" until 1516. In 1523 More sold Crosby Place to his good friend Bonivici, and twelve years later he wrote his last letter, the night before his execution, to Bonivici with a piece of burnt wood. Bonivici had to leave Crosby Place on account of the persecution directed against him by Henry VIII., and he was declared to have forfeited his property by leaving the country without permission, and the house was granted to Lord Darcye, of Chule. Queen Mary, however, reinstated Bonivici, who remained here until 1556, when it became the property of German Cioll, whose wife was a cousin of the celebrated Sir Thomas Gresham. She is buried in the neighbouring church of St. Helen, to which she left a bequest. Crosby Hall again passed into the hands of a member of the Corporation—Alderman Bond, sometimes called, from his marvellous

We are glad to be able to state that there is no foundation for the rumour recently circulated that the old building was to be pulled down, as the freehold has been purchased by the present proprietors, Messrs. Gordon and Co.

The Great Hall is a noble apartment, with a most remarkable roof, composed of oak black with age, and a most graceful oriel window, with very elegant stone "liern vaulting." The Throne Room at right-angles to the hall, and at a higher level, is a charming example of mediæval domestic architecture, also with an oak roof and a noble fireplace. The other rooms retain little genuine ancient work about them, except some of their doorways and windows.

The roof of the Banqueting Hall is an interesting study, as it belongs to a type uncommonly met with in buildings of this date. It is in every respect the exact opposite of those of Westminster Hall or Eltham Palace. In the two latter examples the whole of the constructive members are exposed to view, though richly ornamented; but at Crosby Hall the whole of the constructive portions are concealed, and what is visible of the roof consists of purely ornamental features. The roof over the nave of the Cathedral of St. David's in Wales bears such a strong resemblance, especially in the great peculiarity of the row of pendants occurring in the centre, that it may very probably be the work of the same architect. There is also about Crosby Hall an amount of refinement both in design and workmanship which is not to be met with in any example of English domestic work of its period, though there is at the same time not the slightest foreign element observable in the design. It is most satisfactory to find that the City men who frequent Crosby Hall for their midday meal are quite alive to its historic interest and architectural beauty. The writer found many of them thoroughly conversant with its history, and proud of its old City memories and traditions. More says "the Utopians possessed common halls in every district where they all met to eat." So Crosby Hall is still quite Utopian in principle and practice.

The neighbouring Church of St. Helen has been not inaptly styled

THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY OF THE CITY,

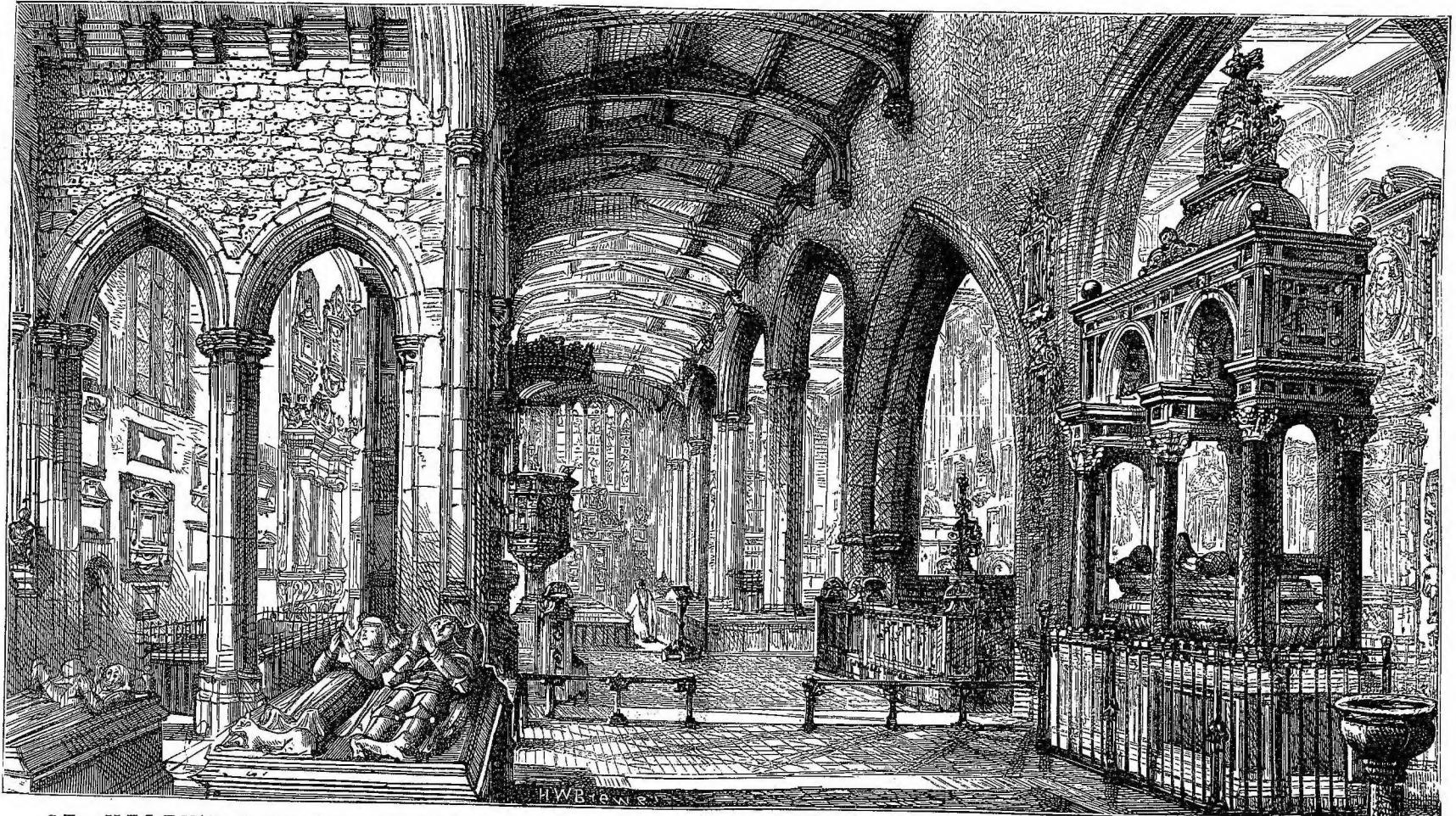
BECAUSE it is to the Corporation and to the Lord Mayors of former times what Westminster Abbey was to our Kings, that is, their last resting-place. St. Helen's was a priory of nuns, the interesting remains of whose choir may still be traced. Long before the Reformation it had become a favourite place of interment for eminent citizens. Amongst the many monuments in St. Helen's that to Sir John Crosby, the builder of Crosby Hall, is perhaps the finest. Sir John was knighted by Edward IV. for the courage which he exhibited in defeating an attempt to capture the City, made by the Bastard Falconbridge. This grand old monument is shown to the left of our illustration. To the right is the superb canopyed tomb of Sir William Pickering, the father, and Sir William, the son. The former, according to an epitaph quoted by Maitland, is called "Mayor of London," and of Staple, but we cannot find his name in any list of the Lord Mayors. William Pickering, jun., was a great traveller and scholar. He died in 1754. A little behind the monuments of the Pickering family is that of Sir Thomas Gresham, the well-known founder of the Royal Exchange. It is a solid marble tomb, surrounded by a railing. Sir Thomas Gresham is said to have promised to give this church a steeple, but this, like many other generous intentions of Sir Thomas, was probably thwarted by domestic influences; in fact he seems to have had a grey mare in his stable which may possibly account for the fact that so many of his grand designs were imperfectly carried out. The slovenly building of the first Royal Exchange, and the unseemly disputes which clouded the early history of Gresham College, and nearly caused the ruin of the institution, are notorious; and the unhappiness of his domestic relations was proverbial in his day. It is said that Queen Elizabeth, who highly appreciated Gresham's many good qualities, went to visit him at Osterley. The Queen found fault with the court-yard of the house for being too large, and suggested that it would look better if divided by a wall. Gresham determined to favour the whim of his Royal mistress, got an immense number of workmen from London, who in the course of a single night erected the wall, to the astonishment of the Queen next morning. It was said by some wag of the time that Sir Thomas found it easier to divide his house than to unite it!

Sir John Spencer, known as the "rich Lord Mayor," has a magnificent monument, covered with rich arabesques. He was Lord Mayor in 1594; Sir George Bond, Lord Mayor in 1587;



SIR THOMAS GRESHAM

ance, as it is used for luncheons and dinners, the tables being arranged down the length of the hall, handsomely set out with plate, flowers, &c. With an amount of good taste for which the proprietors deserve much credit, no boxes or subdivisions of the fine hall have been allowed. The Throne Room is also well preserved.



ST. HELEN'S PRIORY CHURCH, BISHOPSGATE—"THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY OF THE CITY"

Sir Andrew Judd, Lord Mayor in 1550; Sir William Bond, sheriff and alderman, famous merchant adventurer, 1576; Sir John de Outewyche, the founder of St. Martin's Church, Outwich; and Sir Hugh Pemberton, Sheriff of London in 1490; Sir Julius Caesar, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Master of the Rolls to James I.; Sir John Lawrence, "the good Lord Mayor," who so greatly distinguished himself in the Plague year, are buried in this church. There are also several beautiful old Gothic monuments and tombs, of which the inscriptions have disappeared, or are illegible. A vast and hideous tomb, occupying a large space in the north aisle, was erected by Francis Bancroft, founder of Bancroft's

sheets of parchment cannot be separated, and all the edges and corners are burnt away. Another, which commences its entries with the year 1538, formerly belonged to the Church of St. Laurence Pountney; but when that church was destroyed in the Great Fire it was not again rebuilt; but the parish being united to that of St. Mary Abchurch, its books found their way to the latter church. The register-book is only discoloured by the heat; it is an exceedingly interesting volume, and its entries prove a fact not generally known, i.e., that during the period of the Commonwealth marriages were performed by the aldermen instead of by the clergy.

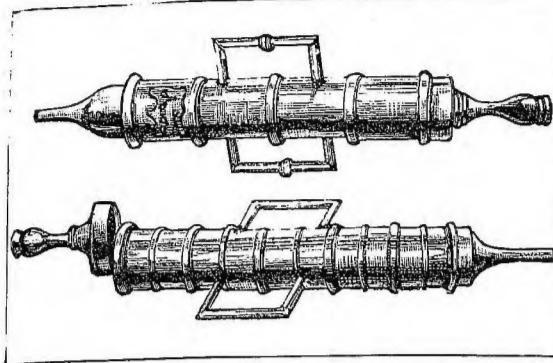
That the Fire of London should have carried everything before it is not to be wondered at when one sees what the old City fire engines were like. Two curious examples still exist. The first belonged to the recently destroyed church of Dionysius, Lime Street. It is about three feet long, and looks simply like a great squirt. It is not dated, but is probably coeval with the Great Fire. The other one represented in our sketch belonged to the Ward of Aldgate, and is dated 1672.

THE INSIGNIA OF THE LORD MAYOR

The various objects connected with the election and induction of the Lord Mayor are all of considerable historical interest. The Collar consists of a series of red and white roses worked in enamel, united by knots and SS. in gold; the clasp uniting the "jewel," which consists of the Arms of London cut in cameo, surrounded by the rose, thistle, and shamrock in diamonds; and the motto, "Domine Dirige Nos," is a portcullis. The Collar probably dates from the time of Henry VIII. The design and workmanship are possibly Italian. The letters "SS." in these ancient chains or collars probably stand for the Latin word "Sanctissimus" (The Most Holy). The jewel is far more modern, and very inferior in point of design.

There are two swords which are carried before the Lord Mayor on State occasions. The smaller, called "The Pearl Sword," is the one generally used on Lord Mayor's Day. It was given to the Corporation by Queen Elizabeth, and the hilt, which is of gold, is adorned with scroll work and trophies, somewhat in the style of

Cellini. There are figures of Justice, an armed female, and curious devils or satyrs. The sheath is of red velvet covered with patterns worked in pearls. The larger sword appears to date from the reign of Queen Anne. The hilt and mountings of the sheath are of silver-gilt. The ornaments are cherubs' heads, the Arms of the City, England, Ireland, and Scotland, separately, and quartered together, a crowned rose, and the female figure of a "fury." One of these swords evidently is emblematical of justice, and the other of the power to inflict punishment, and for this reason they are carried before the Lord Mayor. A third sword is plain and black, and is used at the death of the Sovereign in place of one of the others.

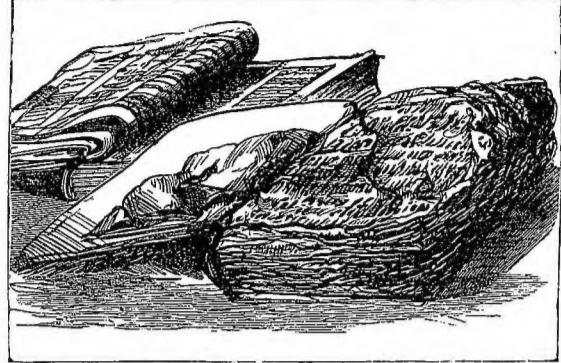


EARLY LONDON FIRE ENGINES

Almshouses, to receive his body, in 1726. He directed that his body should be embalmed, and a glass be placed in his coffin, so that his face could be seen. Modern stained-glass windows have been placed in the church: one to commemorate the connection of Shakespeare with the parish in which he lived for some years; another to the memory of the late Alderman Copeland; and a third to the memory of Sir Thomas Gresham. Little as St. Helen's is known to the general run of Englishmen, it is one of the sights of London greatly in favour with highly-educated Americans; in fact, the anonymous donor of the window erected to commemorate Shakespeare's connection with the parish is presumed to be a citizen of the great Republic.

RELICS OF THE PLAGUE AND FIRE OF LONDON

ALTHOUGH the Plague and Fire of London do not enter strictly within the scope of an account of the London Corporation, yet they were so momentous in the effect which they have had upon the City, that any object which recalls to our minds the terrible events of the years 1665 and 1666 cannot be without interest, and there are two or three very curious relics of these fearful events. The first is the ancient register of St. Katherine Coleman, which records the fact that forty burials a day took place in the diminutive churchyard attached to that church. We have recently noticed the Church of St. Katherine Coleman, which is threatened with destruction; we are glad to hear, however, that an effort is about to be made to save it. The register-books of another church—those of St. Mary Abchurch—are curious relics of the Fire of London. One of these books, which contains entries from the year 1558, is so charred and blistered by the fire that the



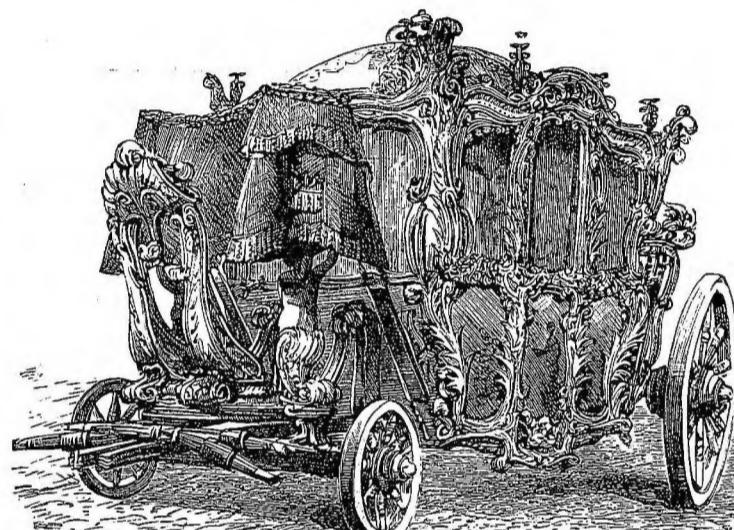
RELICS OF THE GREAT FIRE—SINGED BOOKS AT ST. MARY ABCHURCH

The Mace, which is a rather clumsy and ugly one, was made in the reign of George II., and is inscribed "G. II. R." It is composed of silver-gilt, and is very heavy.

We have already described the "Sceptre" and "Purse" and their uses in our former Supplement, our want of space, however, prevented our explaining that these two remarkable relics of antiquity are kept in the possession of the Chamberlain of London, at the Guildhall, whereas all the other insignia are at the Mansion House. The reason why they are deposited with the Chamberlain is because, as Maitland says, "He is an officer of great repute and trust, and though chosen annually on Midsummer day, yet not displaced, but continues during life, if no just and great crimes are made out against him." He has the keeping of "the moneys, lands, and goods of the City orphans. . . . His office may be termed a Public treasury, collecting the Customs, moneys, and yearly revenues, and all other payments belonging to the Corporation of the City." In fact he is to the City of London what the Chancellor of the Exchequer is to the Government of the Kingdom.

Maitland thinks that the Sword carried before the Lord Mayor, and the Cap of Maintenance, were not granted to him before the year 1513, and grounds this opinion upon the fact that Pope Leo X. presented Henry VIII. with a consecrated Sword and a Cap of Maintenance in that year, which Maitland says was the first Cap of Maintenance "I read of in England, 'thirfore the King,' as an additional honour to the metropolis of his kingdom, 'mighth grant the citizens a privilege to use both Sword and Cap of Maintenance.'"

This certainly does not seem very cogent reasoning, and we



THE LORD MAYOR'S STATE CARRIAGE



THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW, AFTER HOGARTH

should not fancy that Henry VIII. was the kind of man to hand down to any one of his subjects a compliment paid him by the Pope. For instance, we don't find him handing over the title of Defender of the Faith to Archbishop Warham or to Cardinal Wolsey. There can be no reasonable doubt that the "Cap of Maintenance" granted by Pope Leo X. to Henry VIII. is the cap of red velvet in the Royal Crown, the origin and meaning of which has puzzled so many historical writers. This curious addition to the Crown certainly took place in the reign of Henry VIII., as it is not to be seen in representations or pictures of an earlier date.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

SOME writers regard "The Lord Mayor's Show" as a relic of mediæval absurdities, and would gladly see the whole thing swept away. There is certainly amongst Englishmen of the present day a strong feeling against ceremonials, and unfortunately a habit is growing up amongst us of looking at the absurd side of everything. That which inspired our forefathers with reverence is too often treated by us with contempt. This feeling and habit does not show either superior wisdom, higher education, or a more manly way of regarding matters, on the contrary it arises from a shallow, superficial, flippant, and lazy habit of the mind, an inclination to look no deeper than the mere surface of things. It is of course easy enough to turn every ceremony into ridicule, to "laugh it off the boards," until it is done away with. But what is gained when this has been done? As an example, "Beating the Bounds" has been done away with as an absurd old practice, and what is the consequence? We already find disputes respecting parochial boundaries arising, and boundary stones built over and lost sight of, which could never have been the case formerly. The boy who was *bumped* upon the stone was pretty certain to recollect it in after years; in fact, a short time back such evidence was absolutely called for, and settled the case. In future years endless litigation will result from such disputes. We are already beginning to find out that one of the greatest difficulties in studying historical questions connected with ancient ceremonials is to dissociate them from the ridicule and misrepresentation cast upon them by modern writers. Nothing whatever is gained by this attempt to convert everything into burlesque, whereas much may be lost. We see this in the wanton destruction of the City churches. The ridicule of writers some forty years back about the congregations "consisting of a pew-opener and the beadle," &c., have cost us the loss of twenty of the most beautiful buildings in the metropolis. We should always, when indulging in ridicule of this kind, consider the cost of our joke, and recollect Dryden's line about Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, "He had his joke, but they had his estate." With regard to the Lord Mayor's Show, for instance, one feature which has been perhaps more ridiculed than any other is the train of men in armour. People say, "What on earth can be the use of these, and what meaning can they possibly have in the nineteenth century?" When, however, it is borne in mind that these men represent the Armourers' Company, who formerly furnished armour to the citizens of London, does not a whole vista of historical interest open up to our view? Does it not serve to remind us that the citizens of London in olden times were not mere merchants and tradesmen, but that they were able to take part in the defence of their country, and to uphold the rights and privileges of their City, not only with their money-bags, but by strong arms and heavy blows, and would not such a spectacle as these men in armour, however out of keeping with our day, if properly regarded, serve to remind men that this duty still exists, or might be called into existence by events at present unforeseen? England, at present, does not need her citizens to arm themselves for her defence, but although we are living in times of comparative peace and safety, it is well occasionally to be reminded that no country has ever been able to command a continuance of peace, and that those countries which in times of peace have laid aside their arms, and allowed them to rust, have found them break in their hands when the necessity has arisen for their use.

It appears that the earliest Civic pageant recorded happened in the year 1236, but whether this was what we now call the "Lord Mayor's Show" is doubtful. It is generally stated that Sir John Norman introduced the "Water Procession" which formed the most important portion of the pageant until it was abolished some quarter of a century back. Sir John Norman was elected Mayor in 1453. The procession by land still continues, shorn of much of its splendour, and owing to the

opening of the New Law Courts, of a considerable extent of the distance it formerly had to traverse. Still the huge old gilded carriage, drawn by eight horses, and with its six footmen hanging on behind, lumbers through the streets. Heavy and cumbrous as it is,

sockets attached to the doors, and the bearers simply place their hand upon the Sword or Mace.

Amongst the many interesting engravings representing the Lord Mayor's procession, that by Hogarth is the most interesting. It forms one of the series known as the "Industrious and the Idle Apprentice." The view is taken at the west end of Cheapside. In the distance is the east end of St. Paul's Cathedral, and, in a balcony projecting from a shop at the end of Paternoster Row are seated Frederick, Prince of Wales, and Princess Augusta. Supposing the scene to have been a Show which really took place, the date, 1736, is that of the one represented, as it must have taken place between the date of Prince Frederick's marriage and the "Royal row" at St. James's, which ended in the Prince and his wife being turned out of the Palace; the number of courtiers in attendance would seem to suggest that the Prince had not yet fallen into disgrace. The Princess Augusta also looks quite like a youthful bride. Although the King is not present in person, an immense sign bracket projects from the house, bearing the representation of "the King's Head."

If the engraving represents an imaginary scene at a later date than 1736, several things in it must be looked upon as ironical. The King's head, for instance; the woman in the stand below, catching her child to her breast and kissing him; the Queen, with a bared bosom, on the flag to the left, &c. Upon the house to the right is an insurance plate, representing the rising sun. If in allusion to the Prince, alas! how soon that sun was to set! The Prince appears to be greatly diverted by the scene before him; and there is nothing in the fair face of his gentle partner that would seem to justify the "Cette diablesse, Madame la Princesse," of her worthy papa-in-law.

The carriage is evidently the present one. It is said to have been painted by Sir John Thornhill, and it is not impossible that Hogarth, who was his pupil, may have had some hand in the work. One of the men in armour is seen following the carriage, and the flags of the City Companies wave in the distance. In the foreground a company of one of the City Train Bands is "keeping order" by creating the most supreme disorder; one of the members is firing off a gun, greatly to his own terror. In the right-hand corner a boy is bawling out from a printed broadsheet, headed "A Full and True Account of the Ghost of Thos. Idle, which—Thomas Idle, of course, being the Idle Apprentice. The old signs of the shops are very prominently shown, with the magnificent iron brackets which supported them; features which must have added so greatly to the interest of our London streets.

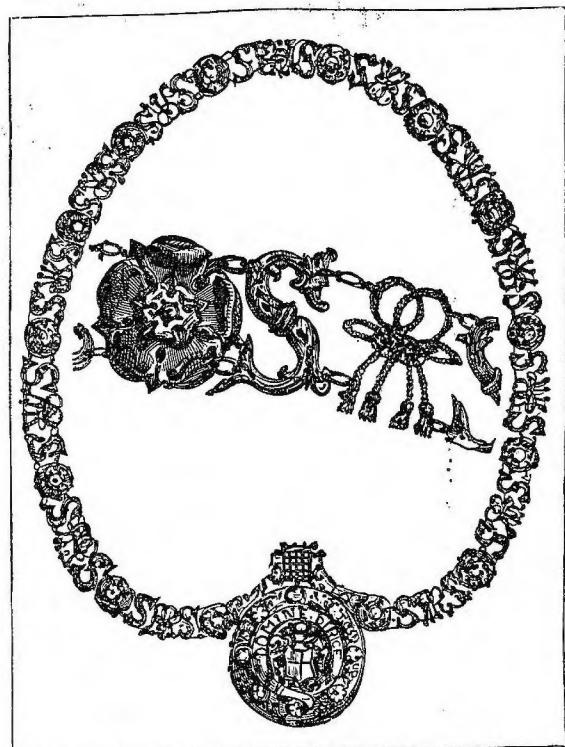
THE LOVING CUPS

THE origin of these Cups arises from the fact that the Lord Mayor as Grand Butler of the Kingdom presented the drinking-cup to the King at his Coronation, and it is not improbable that the Cup became a perquisite of the Lord Mayor.

None of the present "Loving Cups" date back earlier than the time of Charles II., the most ancient being the plain cup represented to the left of our illustration, which is known as the Clothworkers' Cup. It was presented by Robert Christopher, clothworker, in 1662. A second inscription records the fact that it was repaired and regilt at the expense of JOHN WILKES, Esq., Lord Mayor! Could one's mind conjure up a more ridiculous picture than Jack Wilkes, the Radical, grinning and squinting over this Loving Cup, which he had just had regilt! It is like a peal of laughter in a Cathedral. Another very interesting and historical cup is the urn-shaped one to the right of our illustration; this is called the "Oliver Cup," and bears the following inscription:

"This Cup, Presented by the City to Alderman Oliver for joining with other Magistrates in the Release of a Freeman, who was arrested by order of the House of Commons, and in a Warrant for imprisoning the messenger who had arrested the Citizen and refused to give Bail, Is BY HIM DEPOSITED IN THE MANSION HOUSE to remain there as a Public Memorial of the Honour which his Fellow Citizens have done him and the Claim they have upon him to persevere in his Duty March, 1772. Willm. Nash, Lord Mayor."

We shall have occasion in our next Supplement to allude to the circumstances here recorded. The fine solid-looking cup in front of our illustration was presented by the Irish Society; those ornamented with stags' heads by Lord Mayor W. Hunter in 1851. The large Gothic cup in the centre is the latest in point of date. It was made by order of Henry Edmund Knight, Lord Mayor, 1882-3.



THE LORD MAYOR'S STATE COLLAR, AND DETAIL OF ONE OF THE LINKS

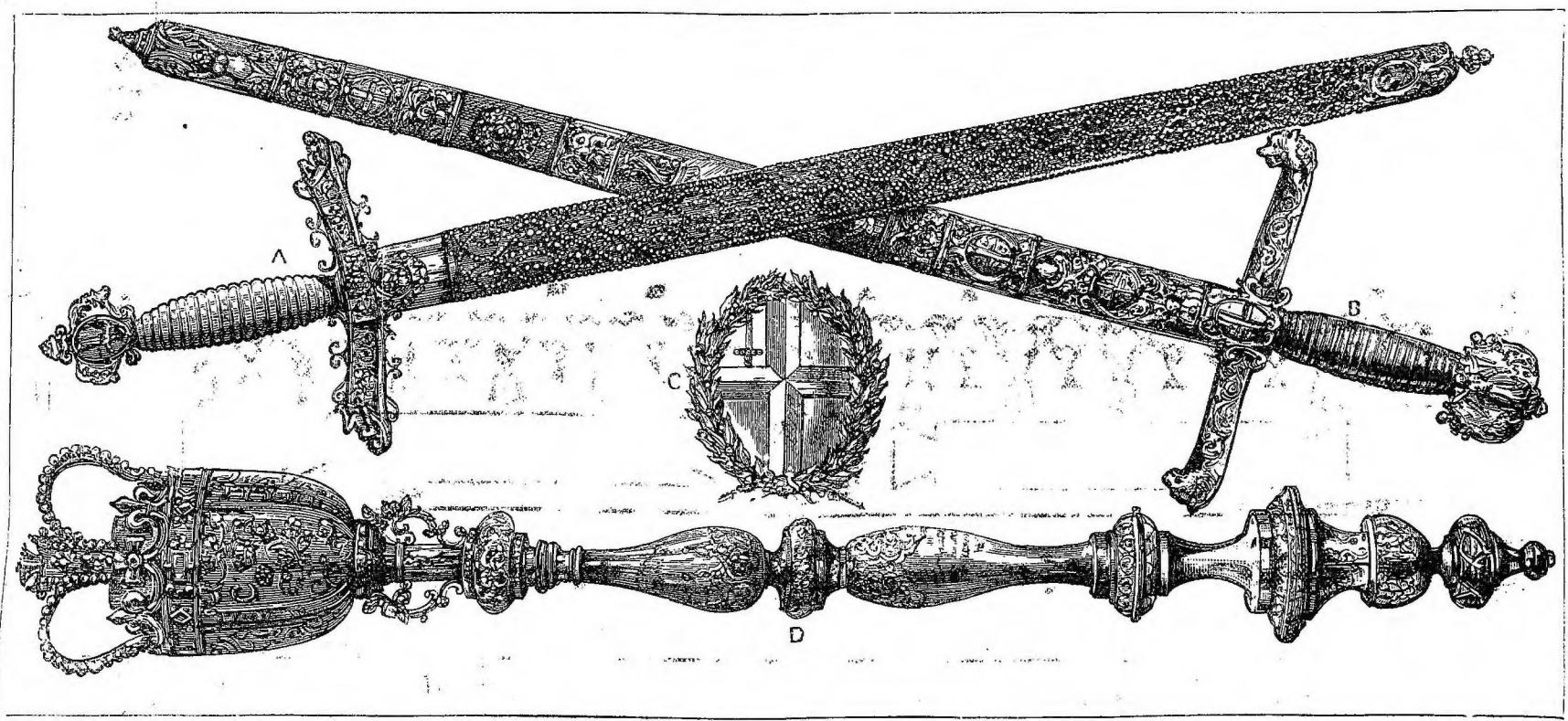
it has an air of dignity and magnificence about it which is wanting in the new carriage, although the latter is a pattern vehicle of its class, admirable for lightness and comfort.

With regard to the old carriage, it has often been asked, How



THE LOVING CUPS

does the Sword Bearer sit, and what does he do with his knees? From examining the interior of the vehicle, it appears that the Sword Bearer sits down pretty much as other people are in the habit of doing—on one of the ordinary seats of the carriage; but that the Sword, which he appears to be holding, and the Mace, apparently borne by the Mace Bearer, are in reality supported in



A. The Pearl Sword.—B. The Second Sword, or Sword of Justice.—C. Arms of the City upon Sheath of the Sword of Justice.—D. The Mace.

THE SWORDS AND MACE